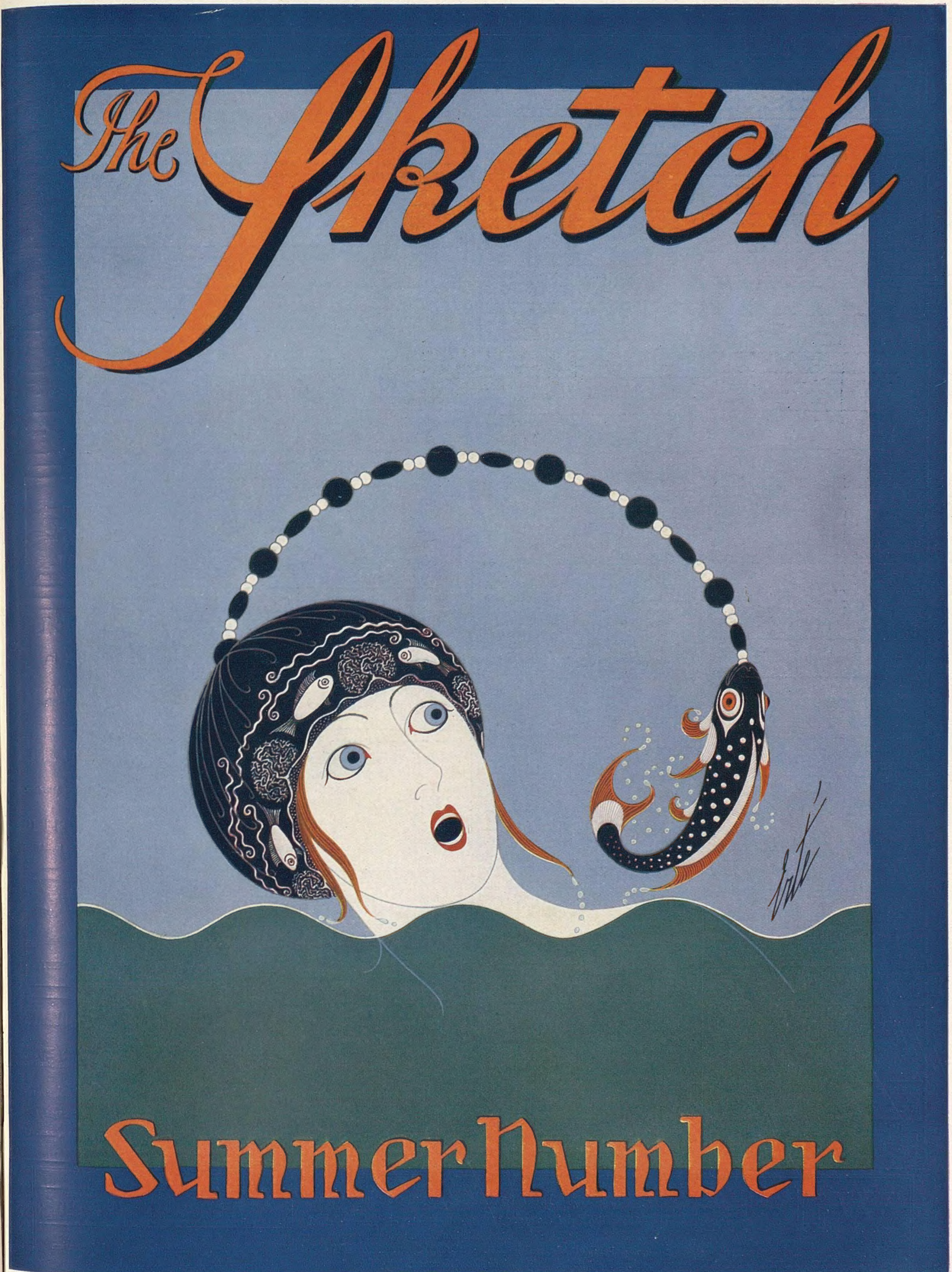

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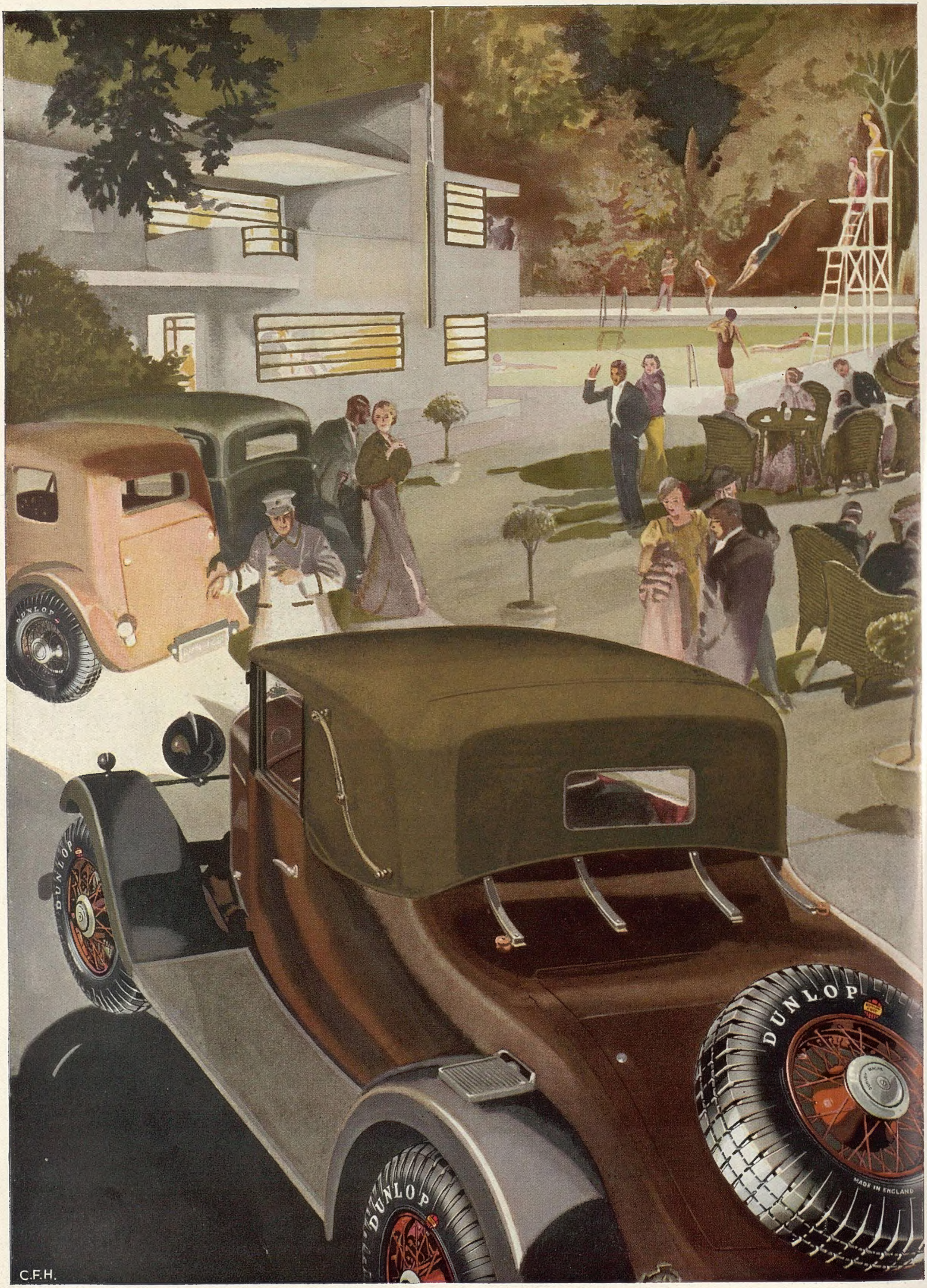
The Sketch

No. 2159.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

MISS MADELEINE CARROLL—HOME FROM HOLLYWOOD.

MISS MADELEINE CARROLL, the beautiful British screen star, who is, in private life, Mrs. Philip Astley, recently returned from Hollywood. One of her first London engagements was the opening of the outdoor theatre in Regent's Park. She has just completed a new film, "The World Moves On."

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY OLIVE SNELL.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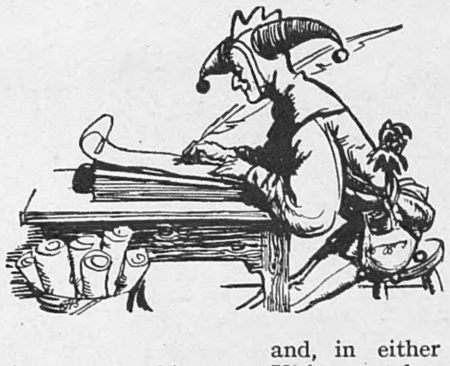
GETTING A KICK OUT OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY IN HYDE PARK.

The WOMEN'S LEAGUE OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY held their fourth annual demonstration in Hyde Park last week. The League was founded in 1930, with the object of teaching business girls how to improve their physique and keep fit by means of rhythmic exercises. The demonstrators performed their various movements in perfect unison, like a trained corps de ballet or a regiment of soldiers, with considerable decorative effect. It will be remembered that in our recent "Beauty Number" we gave photographs of Miss Prunella Stack, daughter of the Founder of the League. She is a leader of the demonstrators in their exercises.

MOTLEY NOTES.



By ALAN KEMP.

LETTERS.

THE pen is mightier than the sword—which is no great achievement in these days when the sword is no use whatever except on stage and screen. Apart from comparisons with other lethal weapons, the might of the pen is not always apparent; indeed, when one is faced with the task of writing certain kinds of letters, there is no instrument more feeble. I am sorry to say that there are occasions when I regard with nothing short of loathing this fountain-pen which is now grasped firmly in my right hand. I know that this is an unjust and ungrateful sentiment, for my fountain-pen, now declining from its youthful glossy black to a kind of olive-green old age, has served me long, faithfully, and uncomplainingly. I have clung to it, and it has clung to me, against all the solicitations of the typewriter—that soulless, clattering, back - breaking enemy of the English language. And yet, there are times when I hate my poor, unoffending old pen.

How right we were! In our issue dated June 6 we showed the MAHARAJAH OF RAJPIPLA leading in his colt, WINDSOR LAD, after winning the Derby—or so you can "read" the picture, although there were other owners with him! This is the photographic representation of his victory. WINDSOR LAD (Blandford—Resplendent) was ridden by C. Smirke and trained by M. Marsh. The Maharajah, who is a popular personality in the world of sport and society, and entertains largely at his home near Windsor, had great faith in his horse and "tipped" it freely before the race. The fact that Windsor Lad won will be commented on by all superstitious folk, as Gipsy Lee prophesied that no horse with a W in its name would win the Derby till after her death, which occurred last year.

I do not mean (necessarily) the times when I have to sit down and write "Motley Notes," nor (necessarily) the times when I have to sit down and write cheques which I know are going to make a nasty dent in current account. I mean the sort of occasion when it is necessary to write something which it is quite impossible to write. For instance, I have just written a letter of condolence, and, as usual, am disgusted with it: I refrain from tearing it up only because I know the revised version would be worse. Now, what *can* one say in a letter of condolence? If it is a merely formal thing, to somebody whom you do not know very well, it sounds frigid and informal. If you really feel it, anything you can say is either a platitude or feels almost like an impertinent intrusion on somebody else's privacy. You can't really share another person's distress of mind; you can only feel *for* somebody else's grief, you can't feel the grief itself; in that respect, we are all—perhaps mercifully—unbridgeably detached from each other, even from those that we know best. All one can really convey in a letter of condolence is, "I am very sorry indeed that you are very sorry indeed; I have sufficient regard for you to be distressed that you are distressed." But how to put that simple sentiment in appropriate language is an art which a life-time of practice may not impart.

My pen, then, is not very good at weeping with those who weep (though I do find that in its old age it tends to weep on other and unexpected occasions). Nor is it particularly expert at rejoicing with those that rejoice. It always hesitates uncertainly between "hearty," "warm," and "cordial" congratulations, and when it has decided that point, somewhat at random, it does not seem to have any other suggestions to offer. It starts off enthusiastically with hearty congratulations on the engagement, or the marriage, or the arrival of the baby, and then it completely dries up. Or, if it does not dry up, it shows a tendency to get completely out of control; several times I have had to restrain it from dashing into this sort of thing: "As I have never met the girl, I do not know which party is to be congratulated, *if either*; but, whichever it is, good luck to him or her, as the case may be"; or, "Damn! Another wedding present!"; or, "Does he take after his father or his mother, and, in either case, cannot something be done about it?" Unfortunately, friendly candour of this kind is not always appreciated, and on the whole I think the best solution of the problem of the congratulatory letter is to send a telegram. Certain famous personages, such as Cecil Rhodes, have conducted their correspondence almost entirely by telegram; a method, you may say, suitable only for millionaires; but I am not sure that, even for persons with considerably smaller incomes than Cecil Rhodes, the advantage gained is not worth a considerable financial sacrifice. The tenpence - halfpenny difference between a letter and a telegram is a small price to pay for the satisfaction, always substantial, of having said all you have to say in the smallest possible space and the quickest possible time.

The "roofer," "Collins," or bread-and-butter letter is also a difficult form of composition, leaving little scope for originality. One groans as one's pen automatically writes the old, familiar things—"kind," "delightful," "enjoyed myself so much"—but pens are incorrigible in this respect. It would save so much trouble if one could have a neatly printed form, something like this:

DEAR......., With reference to my recent stay with you, thank you very much for having me, and I hope I was not a nuisance. I enjoyed myself greatly. May I mention, for future guidance in the improbable event of your asking me again, that (1) there are no ash-trays in your bedrooms; (2) you need more hot bath-water; (3) your morning-tea sets are pretty but inadequate; (4) I dislike a hot-water bottle in the bed; and (5) I loathe coffee for breakfast. Please send, carriage forward to the above address, the .... which I left behind. I am sending you, with compliments and thanks,

(a box of chocolates)
(a few flowers)

(*please strike out whichever is inapplicable*), receipt of which kindly acknowledge. Yours sincerely,

ALAN KEMP.

This would be appropriate to any house I have ever stayed in, and it would save a great deal of time and trouble; yet, so hidebound are we by stupid social conventions, I fear it would not be received in the friendly spirit in which it was meant.

There is another kind of letter which is extremely difficult to write. It is in answer to one which has lain long in a drawer or on a desk, and which, for months past, you have been determined to answer to-morrow. And the to-morrows go on piling up until all the news has become stale and the delay has outgrown all plausible excuse. Confronted with that difficult task, my trusty old pen has long since learned what to do. It simply refuses to act.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

A BEAUTIFUL INDIAN PRESENTED LAST NIGHT.

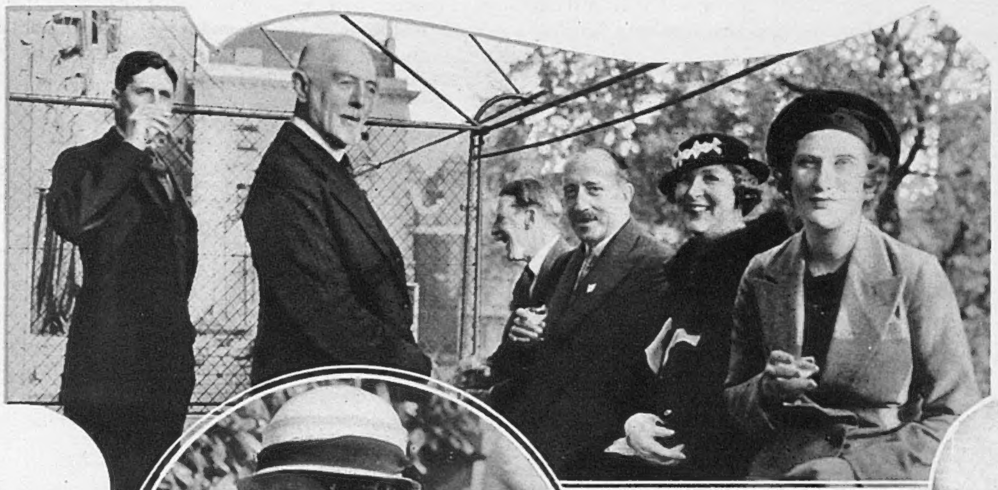
MAHARAJ KUMARANI KARAMJIT SINGH OF KAPURTHALA, the beautiful daughter-in-law of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, was presented at the third Court, which was held last night, June 12. She recently arrived in London from Paris, where she was very greatly admired. She is a typical Indian beauty of high degree.

LONDON ASIDES.

By

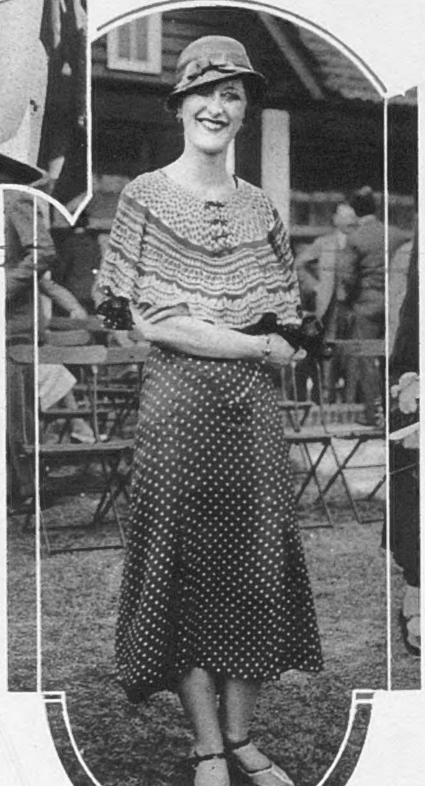
PAMELA MURRAY.

IT'S fashionable to declare that in Shakespeare's day we were an open-air nation of bundlers, feasting and jousting under



MR. DAVID FREMANTLE, his father, ADMIRAL SIR SYDNEY FREMANTLE, CAPTAIN TROYTE-BULLOCK, COLONEL STANLEY GILES, MRS. RICHARD FORD, and MISS JUDITH CRAMER-ROBERTS are enjoying cocktails on the balcony.

MRS. ALAN DOWER took her daughter, Natalie (or "Tilly"), to watch fencing on the terrace at Ranelagh, where the young lady enjoyed her "tea." Mrs. Dower is the younger of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Clerk's two daughters.



MISS PRIMROSE SALT is fond of wearing original clothes. This brightly printed dress has a wide cape collar fastened with demure little bows.

The highwayman's cloak is a new fashion which suits the tall and slender. MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH will, perhaps, wear her prune velvet one at Ascot over this charming chiffon dress and with the dramatic "Anthony Adverse" hat.

the greenwood tree or in the full blast of Tudor sunlight (as opposed to Edison arclight), with many a back-slapping joke neither suited to *Punch* nor based on the weather, because 'twas always fine. The only way to check these ye-olde-sunny-days- (not O'Dea) of-Merrie-Englande songsters is to remind them of the puddle Sir Walter Raleigh filled with his cloak. No rain, no puddle. Laugh that off.

Last week, dress rehearsal succeeded dress rehearsal; the fact that several players wear the same dresses, though not at the same time, adding to the spirit of compromise as expressed by Runnymede. Before the Tudor episode, Catherine of Aragon (Lady Elibank) was heard to ask one of her Maids of Honour (the agreeable Misses Antoinette Preston, Cherry Pinckard, Mercia Parker, Aurea Weldon, etc.) to "please remove my bone"—a reminder of the days when ladies suffered tortures because of whales. Young Mr. Voules looks swell, with his hawk-like countenance and dark hair, as the Emperor Charles V. Mr. Hancock's sandy colouring is well suited to his part—Northumberland—as most Percys, including the present Duke, have red tendencies, though not politically speaking since Charles I.'s reign.

This bout over, and the Pageant of Parliament begins, claiming many of the same amateurs, while almost simultaneously Shaw's billed to succeed Shakespeare in the Park. His new playlet sounds as good as "Village Wooing," which hasn't yet been done in the West End, but reads up to form, the woman being in pursuit of the man, as always in life and Shaw. Looking back to Milton, we find the stately "Masque of Comus," which had its première at Ludlow Castle in 1634, due for presentation in London, and again at Ludlow, included in the Shropshire Historical Pageant, which will be one of July's finest spectacles. Going across the Border, another ambitious outdoor programme, called Scotland's Gardens Scheme, is bravely scheduled, with a fête at Traquair on June 16, as the Scott Country plum. This lovely old place, belonging to the Maxwell-Stuarts, shares with the Sempills' Craigivar the honour of being the oldest inhabited house in the country. It's well guarded from tourists, and off their beaten Tweed-side turnpike, so the curious should flock on a legitimate occasion for rubber-necking. They will find something between a French château and a Scots keep, infinitely appealing and a little sad. With joy we hear that Peggy Forbes-Sempill, after years of illness following that terrible crash, is herself, and as pretty as ever. If she accepts an invitation to stay with the Carnegies, London friends will have the chance to say how much they've missed her. Her outstanding personality really has been missed. Of how many is this true? Darned few (poetry).

NOCTURNE. Of charity revels to date, the Florida Birthday Ball was the least chilly, the most wilfully gay. Lady Londonderry, on Gordon Halsey's right, excelled her own previous appearances, looking as young and amused as the many pretties present. She talked to her opposite, Sir Alfred Beit, whose carnation was of begonia size, in topical sympathy with the Chelsea Flower Show; danced with other neighbours; laughed with Basil Kennedy, who appeared to be selling a very large, uncaged rabbit; and stood up throughout the excellent turn by some County Durham miners who have long been without hope of employment and are now a mouth-organ sextet, plus conductor and drum. They will go down well at functions of all types, and we advise club secretaries to write to the Personal Service League for their particulars. Captain Halsey, who makes such a winning announcer, should have introduced this turn himself. The only error in an otherwise well-planned evening.

Miss Claudia Crichton-Stuart, now a proud aunt to the Hon. (Baby) Giffard, sparkled in gold and scarlet sequins, the most striking dress on the floor. She knew how to wear it. Lady Lavinia Dundas, who was under Mrs. Emslie Brown's chaperonage, had a swansdown-trimmed model with a sun-bathing top. Her heavy dark eyebrows, light hair, and creamy skin are an effective combination. At this table were Miss Moya Beresford, "Chris" Taylor of ski-ing renown, and handsome Sybil Pitman, whose joint cocktail-party with her brother Stuart was distinguished by the presence of the prettiest girl seen by us for two

seasons—namely, Miss Rosemary Glyn, in a suit of cherry-red with a dash of light blue. Nancye Barry, Violet de Worms, and the Leatham brother and sister were other youngsters.

Returning to the Dorchester before rushing off to the Florida for free drinks, among decorations which only enjoyed a one-night stand, including the covered-in mews, we note Miss Eileen Brougham with her brother. Earlier that day she was with her aunt at Mrs. Jock Bruce's sherry-party, where champagne cocktails, the ex-King of Greece, the Earles, Lady Romilly, and numerous young men appeared. Miss Susan Montagu talked to three at once. The two Mrs. Taylors—Mrs. Harold looking pretty and Mrs. John elegant—danced with husbands (we 're back in Park Lane), and the rumbas were grand. Sir Oliver Duncan, Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, Jean Salmond (what a certain success that girl 's having !), Mrs. Warwick Wright with Lady Cynthia Tothill, the Randolph Chetwynds together, Mrs. Pim, Primrose Salt, Billy Clyde, Tunie Karri-Davies, Hugh Barnett (with a pretty partner), and, of course, Lord Brecknock, who floated back into the other ball-room where Wayne has replaced old cabaret cracks with new.

SIX TILL NINE are crowded hours, as many as twelve parties clashing in mid-week. Overflowing on to roof-gardens is a pleasant seasonal feature, but at the joint party given by two debs, Barbara Hayes-Sadler and Margaret McKenzie, the balcony began to sway — or were we ? Young Cambridge, headed by Kenneth McKenzie, filled Walton Place with virile laughter. We found them difficult to sort, but were greeted by some of the reserve team, who tried-out Sestrières and remembered our tartan trews. The Elphinstone girls, Patricia Stock (exactly like her mother, Mrs. Vernon Tate), the Misses Ramsden-Joddrell, Ursula Watson, Chris Andreae, and Rosemary Potter were with swains or not.

Heading north, Marylebone Town Hall was agog with beauty, rank, and fashion, all commendably earnest, including Lady Morrison-Bell, who spoke splendidly on the housing question; her daughter Sheelagh; Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who arrived in a very new car; Lady Max-Müller, Mrs. Cunningham-Reid of the lovely expression, busy Mrs. Leo Lonsdale, and crowds of both sexes, headed by the Lady Mayoress, Mrs. Fettes, and by pretty Mrs. Gerald Portman. They 're determined to build a health centre on the site Captain Portman has given (some present !), and we 've no doubt they will achieve this object with the maximum of speed and minimum of fuss. It looked that sort of meeting, as opposed to the type of committee which cannot decide whether programmes should have gold print on blue grounds or blue print on gold.

The programmes at the Drury Lane All-Star Matinée attended by the Queen were five shillings each. Mrs. Dewar was the most attractive woman between us and the stage, where Jack Buchanan thrilled by gazing into Elsie Randolph's eyes. Leaving in the interval in order to be in two places at once, we regretfully missed Yvonne Printemps, whose ex-partner now gives a charming *conférence* called " L'Amour et la Femme " between playlets in Paris. Only Sacha could hold an experienced French audience unaided while he skims delicately over the same delicate subject for forty minutes. *Rideau.*

SEEN ABOUT. The Duchess of Sutherland, in dark blue and Upper Brook Street, being waved at by a car-full. At their sky-scraping Portland Place flat, the Leinsters, who have made this an enchanting London home, looking tremendously happy. His son, Lord Kildare, visits them from the R.M.C.; and friends, mainly musical, look in. An exception is Tex Austin, for whom steak and onions are on tap.

Watching the camera and the Panthers v. Aurora Polo match at Roehampton. Left to right, we get back-views of MRS. HAROLD E. TALBOTT, JUNIOR (wife of the U.S. Captain) and the MARQUES DI PORTAGO; and then (front view) MRS. THOMPSON, the MARQUESA DI PORTAGO, and MR. EDDIE FITZ-CLARENCE. The Portagos are pillars of the polo season here and abroad.

MASTER CHRISTOPHER WELLS was delighted with his lucky horse-shoe "find" after the Panthers had been beaten by Aurora at Roehampton. He is with LADY LYONS, the wife of Sir Harry Lyons, and his mother, MRS. EVERARD GATES.

The EARL OF DUDLEY sat on the grass with his younger son, and watched the Panthers v. Aurora match at Roehampton.

MRS. REX BENSON, the very attractive American wife of Lady Morvyth Benson's brother-in-law, went to Roehampton to watch polo.

PRINCE GEORGE AMONG THE

H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE went to the Derby Ball in aid of the Rosemary Ednam Ward of the Royal Northern Hospital. He is here seen dancing with LADY CHARLES CAVENDISH, formerly Miss Adèle Astaire.

H.E. THE ITALIAN AM BASSADOR is getting a pr gramme from MISS NORA STERN.

(Left) MR. CHARLES SWEENY, MRS SWEENY, and MR TERENCE WELDON were among the dancers

The EARL OF LONSDALE (left) attended the dance. He is with LADY COHEN.

LORD PLUNKET is with MISS IRENE MANN-THOMPSON.

DANCERS AT THE DERBY BALL.

MR. "CHIPS" and LADY HONOR CHANNON brought a party to the ball. Lady Honor wore her famous large tiara.

SIR JOHN and LADY MILBANKE'S party included Prince George, the Italian and German Ambassadors, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Lady Milbanke was the Chairman of the ball, held at Grosvenor House.

(Right) SIR ANTHONY WELDON, Bt., had supper with MISS ALICIA BROWNE.

MISS ANGELA DUDLEY WARD, younger daughter of Mrs. Dudley Ward, is chatting to the HON. PETER BEATTY.

MISS DIANA MILLS, one of the prettiest débutantes of 1934, is seen with MISS BEE BATLIVALA (centre) and MR. HARRY VISE.

(Left) MRS. JAMES CORRIGAN (left) is chatting to VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH.

1. *The " Star " Ball in aid of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies was held on board the liner " Majestic " at Southampton. Dancing took place on the deck.*
2. *The unusual setting for a ball is illustrated by this photograph of guests on board the White Star liner " Majestic."*
3. *The ship's swimming-bath was open to guests who wanted a change from dancing. Here some of them are taking a swim.*
4. *There were many alternative attractions to dancing at the aboard-ship ball. For instance, the guests could go into the gymnasium and indulge in bicycle-riding for slimming!*
5. *The Race-Horse game provided further sport between dances.*
6. *LADY MURIEL DEREK-JONES, Chairman of the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies, received the guests. COMMODORE TRANT, Commander of the " Majestic," is seen on the left, and MR. E. TREVOR LEWIS (Southampton Manager of the White Star Line) is assisting to receive.*

AT AN ABOARD-SHIP BALL—BATHING, "BIKING," AND "RACING."

MISS PETA DAVIS, one of the prettiest débutantes of the season, danced with MR. JIM LAWRENCE at the ball given by Mrs. Richard Wainwright for her daughter, Miss Virginia Barnato.

MRS. RICHARD WAINWRIGHT, the hostess, is a young-looking mother of a grown-up girl. She wore a lovely diamond tiara. She is dancing with MR. FRANK TAYLOR.

MRS. WOOLF BARNATO is partnering MR. SYDNEY EMMANUEL.

MISS PRIMROSE SALT, with her hair severely drawn back from her classically lovely brow, is dancing with MR. ALISTAIR ROME.

This group of guests includes MR. ERIC CUDDEN, MISS BEE BATLIVALA, MISS ISOBEL MACLEAN, MISS VALERIE LYNCH, MR. PAT FRIEND, and MR. DEREK HALL CAINE. Miss MacLean's black dress is Victorian in style.

MISS VIRGINIA BARNATO, who wore a dress copied from Queen Victoria's wedding dress, with an off-the-shoulder décolletage and a berthe, had gardenias in her hair. She is talking to MR. BURFORD.

MR. PAT HANBURY and MISS MARIE SYMONS-JEUNE were snapped sitting-out together.

MISS DOROTHY HYSON (left) came on after her performance in "Touch Wood," at the Haymarket. She is with MR. ROBERT DOUGLAS, MRS. JAY SMITH, MR. WALLACE-DOUGLAS, and MR. H. R. DENNIS.

DÉBUTANTES' DANCING PARTNERS AND A VICTORIAN COME-BACK.

BROADLANDS is the beautiful seat of Lord Mount Temple. The Test runs through the Park. Broadlands was the seat of Lord Palmerston and is in a lovely position.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

The Frenchman's Salmon.

While discussing with Dr. E. Gordon Reeve and two other members of the Arts Club the report of a long-drawn-out fight between an angler and a Spey salmon of under 30 lb. in weight, Dr. Reeve told us a good tale. When salmon-fishing with a friend in Scotland some years ago, he had a French visitor, whose great ambition, like many more of his countrymen, was to catch *un saumon Écossais*. That he knew nothing of salmon-fishing did not dismay him, so Dr. Reeve did the best he could for him, giving him a lesson or two in casting and reserving a good pool for his use. They accompanied the Frenchman to the pool, but, as he seemed rather diffident about commencing in front of them, they went on up the river. Returning some hours later, fully expecting to find that the Frenchman had gone back to the hotel long before, they saw a light near the pool. Hurrying to the spot, they found the Frenchman soaked with perspiration and trembling and almost speechless with excitement. Eventually they extracted the story of a big salmon hooked at the first cast. The astonished Frenchman did not know what to do, so did nothing, while the salmon made a wild rush to the further end of the pool. It then came back and stopped right by the Frenchman's feet. Bewildered at this unexpected move, and at a loss to know what else he could do, he gave it a hearty kick. Away went the salmon again to the other end and back. So it went on time after time, until at last the salmon wound the line round a rock and was tethered in mid-stream. The line broke eventually a few minutes before Dr. Reeve and his friend arrived. Had he only known, the Frenchman could have waded out quite easily and released his line. Though he lost the salmon, he had a grand tale to take home.

"Fifty Years on the Test."

Other authors have written delightfully of the Test, but no one has given such an intimate picture of this famous trout stream as appears in "Fifty Years on the Test," by C. Ernest Pain. He has fished its waters with Halford, Marryat, Wickham, Major Carlisle, Major Turle, and a host of other famous anglers. It is probably no exaggeration to say that he knows every yard of the river, from its source above Overton to the sea. When he writes of casting methods ancient and modern, of flies good and bad, of incidents while fishing, Mr. Pain has no difficulty in holding our interest. What he has to say on the question of stocking will prove of the greatest value. Mr. Pain admits that he has made mistakes in stocking with large fish, which gave the method a bad name, but he explains how such mistakes can be avoided. The chapters on hatchery management, weeds, river keepers, etc., are all most helpful, and his remarks on furunculosis are very opportune, as the Diseases of Fish Bill is before Parliament. The salmon *versus* trout controversy, which bids fair to become a major issue on the Test, is discussed by Mr. Pain from the trout-anglers' point of view — a point of view which condemns the salmon as vermin because the Test above Romsey is in a unique position as the most famous trout fishery in the world, whereas it would never be any better than a second-rate salmon river.

Close Finish to the International Fly-Fishing Match.

Ireland won the International Match on Loch Leven in 1933, but came in last this year. Scotland won for the fourth time, but England was beaten by 1½ oz. only, and Wales was within a fish of victory; all three teams having thirty-eight trout apiece. As each team consists of sixteen anglers, the result of their arm-aching endeavours—two fish to each angler—shows that conditions were unfavourable. It has been suggested that the match is a slow-moving, easy-going affair — I guarantee the contestants would have something to say about this. The strain of concentrating for 8½ solid hours on fish-catching, in addition to the effort of constant casting, is as great as in any of the other competitive sporting events. Any slacking on the part of the angler meets with the boatmen's disapproval, as the latter are keen on winning the boatman's prize. The method of selecting the Scottish team from the winners of competitions on the Loch ensures a strong team, and undoubtedly accounts for their successes. In fact, it is surprising that the other teams put up such a good show.

LORD MOUNT TEMPLE, who is a keen fisherman, is here seen weighing a good trout of 2¾ lb., caught on the Test at Broadlands.

A Big Trout From a Small Sussex River.

Receiving a message that Messrs. C. Farlow and Co. had a fine trout at their shop in Panton Street, I called in. The fish weighed 9 lb. 4 oz., and was caught on Mayfly in the River Rother at Woolbeding on May 31 by Mr. James A. Tanner. An interesting point about the capture of this fish is that Mr. Tanner hooked it a week earlier in the same place. The fly he lost then was still in the jaw of the trout when landed. The fish was undoubtedly a fine specimen, but had an ugly head. Thinking that it looked more like a sea-trout than a brown trout, I removed some scales to have them examined. Scale-reading is the only way to tell with any certainty whether a trout has fed in the sea. Unfortunately, the scales proved to be a poor sample, and only one was any use at all. Mr. Nall has examined it and he thinks there is little doubt that the fish was a fresh-water trout, but he would need some better scales before giving a definite opinion.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Some fine trout have been landed recently by members of the Red Spinner Angling Society. Many were over 2 lb. in weight. The heaviest, 5 lb. ½ oz., was caught by Mr. T. L. Chew; and the next best, 4 lb. 9 oz., was landed by Mr. W. Grounds.

The best trout recorded in Ireland this season was taken on Lough Conn by Mr. E. Maycock. The trout weighed 9¾ lb., and was taken on an artificial fly—one of Foster's kill devil spiders.

Fourteen trout, weighing over 6 lb. each, were caught on Upper Lough Mask last week. The best weighed 14½ lb. Mr. Hanmer had fish of 10½ lb. and 9 lb.; Mr. Baker one of 10 lb.; and Mrs. Donaldson four trout—7½ lb., 6½ lb., 6 lb., and 6 lb.

R. L. MARSTON.

A LETTER FROM NEW ZEALAND.

CONTRIBUTED BY A. S. PATERSON.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XX. MR. DOUGLAS BYNG.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. DOUGLAS BYNG, the famous entertainer, is the twentieth to go into the "confessional."

"MY dear, they will be bitterly offended if you don't go. You must go—for our sakes." That, fifteen years ago, was that, as far as Douglas Byng was concerned. He had been trying to avoid going to a fancy-dress ball, but when his mother made it a matter of importance to her, he naturally had no option but to go.

Coming events are said to cast their shadows before them, and even as a youth Douglas Byng had his great charm and that mysterious quality in him to make others laugh, and to be never-failingly amusing. Therefore, it is scarcely to be wondered at that he was very popular, and very much in demand for all sorts of social functions round his native Nottinghamshire.

It seemed to him at that time that he was spending his entire life in avoiding parties, for they bored him violently. This one in particular, he knew, was going to be more dreary to him than most, because it was at the house of some friends of his family who were renowned locally for their "starchy" demeanour, and for their almost instinctive resentment of any form of gaiety. Why they were giving the fancy-dress ball at all was a mystery which was not in the least calculated to give spice to the evening.

However, as it was inevitable that he should go, Douglas Byng resigned himself to the prospect. Stabbing irritatedly at the inkpot, he wrote and thanked his hosts for their kind invitation, which he would be very pleased to accept. Also he routed round Nottingham to get a costume. It was very difficult to find one which would not cause him untold agony all the evening, or need an accompanying and messy facial make-up.

MR. DOUGLAS BYNG, *the popular entertainer, who knows the infallible recipe for "how to raise the laughter of Mayfair," is the twentieth to disclose his secret in* "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" *series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He has a genius for the frankly absurd, such as his most celebrated song: "Flora Macdonald the Hen of the North." He is appearing with great success in his one-man pantomime at the Alhambra.*

After a long search he found a jester's costume, which seemed neither too tight nor too hot for an adequate amount of comfort. It was an amazing affair in yellow and orange satin, and he reflected that, if his hosts had any perception at all, they would realise that it was an ironic protest at having to go to their wretched party at all. He knew that they would consider the gaiety of the evening more his responsibility than their own.

The evening of the party came. It was a cold November night, with an icy north wind blowing, and with every prospect of rain. Douglas Byng cursed his luck as he put on his jingling jester's cap, and prayed that something might turn up at the last minute to prevent him from going. However, a few minutes later, he was driving through the night to the house, twelve miles distant, where the ball was being given.

The transport arrangements were a trifle complicated. Douglas Byng's parents needed their car that evening, so he had had to arrange to be brought back by a friend who was also going to be at the party. As the car neared its destination, Douglas Byng made an attempt to lift himself out of the acute depression with which the evening's prospect filled him and to infuse himself with some semblance of a festive spirit. After all, he reflected, the gayer he managed to be, the less dreary the evening would be for him.

So, when the car eventually drew up outside the house, he threw off the overcoat that covered his costume (for, after all, no self-respecting jester could be seen wearing an overcoat), and jumped out.

"Avaunt, scurvy knave!" he cried, dismissing the chauffeur and the car, with the gayest tone of voice, and striking the most jester-like of attitudes. He watched the limousine disappear down the drive, then pranced up to the front door and rang the bell. But, even as he once more struck his jester-like attitude, while he waited for the door to be opened for him, a feeling that all was not quite well came over him.

The house looked singularly dark for such a festive occasion. His hosts, although they might be dreary in the extreme, were, he knew, Edwardian enough to have every room in the house blazing with light when they gave a ball. But no light was coming from any of the windows, and even the fan-light above the front door was dark.

Then, suddenly, before the front-door bell at which he had tugged with such energy had finished tinkling in the depths of the house, Douglas Byng had a clear vision of the invitation-card that had been sent him. There was a smudge where the date had been written in ink—17th of November. He remembered now, thinking that the first figure had been made very crookedly—he now realised that it had been made too straightly—it was meant to read the 27th of November. *He had arrived in fancy dress ten days too early.*

At that moment, a greenish-yellow glimmer appeared in the fan-light, as one of the gas-lamps in the hall inside was lit. Douglas Byng's impulse was to turn and run, but he realised the futility of such a course at once. His car had gone, he was twelve miles from home in a satin jester's costume, and the rain which had been threatening all that day had abruptly begun to fall in real earnest. He was trapped. He would have to try to face it out.

"Heigh-nonny-no," he said brightly, but feeling like death, as the door was opened by a very startled footman. "Heigh-nonny, will you tell his Lordship that Mr. Byng has arrived."

The footman was well trained, and though he clung to the door as he shut it again, he did manage to say: "Yes, Sir," and do as he was asked.

That night was torture to Douglas Byng. It was impossible for him to get back, as there were no trains, and "his Lordship's" car had broken down. Moreover, the whole dreary household had violent colds, which made them bad-tempered and still more dreary.

All through dinner, and in the drawing-room, Douglas Byng's yellow-and-orange costume, looking ghastly in the greenish gas-light, was icily ignored. It was not till next morning, when still wearing it and having caught the household cold, that his host, with inspiration dawning on his face, said: "Don't tell me that you came for the party?"

CYRIL BUTCHER.

THE DRESSES THEY WORE AT THEIR DANCES: LADY PATRICIA MACKAY AND MISS VIRGINIA BARNATO.

The Countess of Inchcape's dance for her step-daughter, LADY PATRICIA MACKAY, and Mrs. Richard Wainwright's dance for her daughter, MISS VIRGINIA BARNATO, were two of the most important balls of Derby week. It is interesting to compare the dresses worn by the two débutantes for whom these parties were given. Lady Patricia Mackay (left) wore a modern chiffon dress, carried out in a lovely deep sky shade of blue called "April Showers." A mass of tulle frills finished the skirt at the bottom, and a wreath of orchids edged the décolletage. Miss Virginia Barnato's white satin was copied from Queen Victoria's wedding-dress, with an off-the-shoulders décolletage and flounces of real lace. She wore gardenias in her hair.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN BY SASHA.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE Queen's bright pink sunshade was practically the only gay dress-note at Windsor Lad's Derby, unless you count the lovely orange-yellow carnation which Prince Arthur of Connaught wore in his buttonhole. Black or dark-blue dresses were the order of the day, and the only concession to the idea that June is a sunshiny month was provided by the very large hats worn by some racegoers. These, however, are not so uncomfortable to race in as might be imagined. The brims turn up off the face, so the only possible inconvenience is to the people in the crowd behind. Mrs. Charles Winn, who was walking in the paddock with Lord Charles Montagu, looked well in hers.

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The crowd included lots of débutantes. Five of the best-lookers among the girls, Lady Ursula Manners, Miss Lavinia Strutt, Lady Elizabeth Paget, Miss Ruth Primrose, and Miss Lulu Esmond, managed to walk arm-in-arm, all abreast, in the paddock! Quite a feat in the Derby Day press. Lady Fitzwilliam was extremely frank about her Derby bet. In fact, she told everyone before the race that she had only backed one horse—and that was Windsor Lad, so she must have had a satisfactory day.

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Good dresses were worn by Lady Jane Scrope and Lady Susan Askew, two of the married Egerton girls, who have both become extremely *chic* since they joined the ranks of the young-marrieds. Lady Londonderry's black ensemble, trimmed with black and white monkey-skins, was one of the most exciting racecourse costumes I have seen for a long time.

MISS DAPHNE KINGSMILL was one of the guests at the dance given by the Countess of Inchcape for Lady Patricia Mackay. She is talking to PRINCE DE CHIMAY.

The COUNTESS OF JERSEY was one of the young married women at Lady Inchcape's dance. She is here seen with SIR HUGH SMILEY, Bt.

The MAHARANEE OF SARAWAK, mother of Lady Inchcape, is here seen with the ex-KING OF GREECE at her daughter's ball.

MRS. ROBERT FEATHER, formerly Miss Leah Levigne, wore a beautiful silver brocade gown on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Robert Feather. It was made of a wonderful old material which came from the heirloom collection of the late Lady Marcus Beresford.

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If the B.B.C. wish to add to their staff of announcers, Lady Milbanke would be an obvious choice! Her voice and diction are perfect. When she had to announce at the Derby Ball that the Prince of Wales could not come, but had sent a donation of £100, you could hear her silver accents all over the great Grosvenor House ball-room.

She and Lady Diana Cooper both wore their pink dresses and ostrich-feather capes to match. One or two other women also appeared in this popular model, and a couple of printed black and white crêpe frocks—sartorial twins — met on the stairs. Yet no murder marred the party! We women can show iron self-control when necessary.

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Lord Anglesey has now qualified for the distinction of being a Chaperoning Papa. He has been to several balls with Lady Elizabeth Paget, and came with her and Lady Anglesey to the Derby Ball. Lord Lonsdale was there too. I like to see him in a ball-room, but enjoy even better the vision of him riding into Hyde Park of a morning on his queer cream-dappled rocking-horse of a cob, with his groom keeping a yard or two behind.

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Lady Honor Channon has the most impressive tiara among our young-marrieds, but Lady Jersey's link bandeau of diamonds is really prettier. They could be compared with Lady Brownlow's, worn low on her closely-cut blonde hair, and Lady Dufferin's massive coronet, all seen out at the Derby Ball. The Duchess of Sutherland, on the contrary, just wore a gold halo headdress to go with her thick, engraved gold slave bangles—five of them, I think. Anyway, they reached from wrist to elbow.

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Prince George danced with Lady Charles Cavendish, whose black organdie dress had a gold line check and a narrow red ribbon sash, and she also partnered the Duke of Sutherland more than once.

The Duchess of Westminster's partners included Count Paul Munster. She and Lady Edward Hay share the award for the smartest dresses of the Derby Ball. Both were made of the thick gros grain or faille silk which our great-grandmothers wore for "best." The Duchess's was in Bishop's purple, with red sandals, and ruby and diamond jewels; and Lady Edward Hay's in kingfisher-blue, with a waterfall bustle drapery.

When on the subject of dress, the simplicity of Mrs. Corrigan's spotted gold and white organza, with simple "cottage" flowers on the shoulder-straps, must not be forgotten.

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From the Derby Ball, dancers went to Lady Tweeddale's, and *vice versa.* The latter was one of the best of the private balls up to now, and was notable for the sensational *chic* displayed by the mothers. Black with masses of diamonds showed off Lady Rosebery's sweet expression and charming type of good looks; Lady Lisburne had the original idea of wearing a spray of tiger-lilies (orchids *are* getting a bit common now!) on the shoulder of her apricot dress; and Lady Linlithgow's brown tulle and brown feather cape were first-class. Reels figured on the programme

as well as waltzes, and the Guards Pipers came about one o'clock to put life and mettle in the heels of the Scottish dancers, who included Lady Marjorie Hamilton, Lady Scone, Lord Macduff, and, of course, Lady Georgiana Hay.

Major and Mrs. Butler Henderson were a chaperoning couple who enjoyed some dances with each other at Lady Tweeddale's; Mr. Berkeley Villiers and Lady Elizabeth Hare (she in bright red) were a lovely pair to watch, they move so beautifully; Lady Patricia Latham, in blue and silver, partnered Mr. Peter Coates, who was best man at her wedding last year; and Miss Rosemary de Rothschild danced with Mr. Dennis Berry.

And now to supper — the *fraises des bois*, with Devonshire cream, were heavenly, to say nothing of the immense open strawberry flans, and the caviare, which also figured on the menu.

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The Fourth of June at Eton is usually a test of stamina and fitness, especially when the temperature is as wintry as it was on Monday. Still, the long, long trek from Agar's Plough to the Upper Club warms one up a bit! Lady Moira Lyttelton, who was the smartest woman I saw, must be impervious to cold, for she appeared quite happy in her thin dark-blue taffeta dress, with its touches of light blue. She, by the way, believes in letting the young get their musical education in the pleasantest way. Her little girl comes to the Opera, and simply loves it, though she is only twelve.

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A new form of snobbishness has started in London. There are many, as it is, but this really has a distinction about it, as it's the pride and delight of those who have been to Glyndebourne, and their pity for those who haven't! The last-named are so very much in the majority, alas! And yet nature and man could hardly have devised a more entrancing entertainment. The countryside looked so lovely on the journey from London to Lewes, whether traversed by car or in the train, that it formed a fit prelude for a perfect entertainment.

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Mozart's two delightful operas, "Le Nozze di Figaro" and "Cosi Fan Tutte," are gay and witty, and one wonders why they are so rarely given. This year, however, thanks to Captain Christie, they were heard on alternate nights for one glorious fortnight—now, alas! over. Mozart, known as the musicians' composer, is also especially admired by artists, and Mr. Duncan Grant showed his appreciation of the Glyndebourne production by going there several times. So did Mrs. Vanessa Bell; and Lady Alice Mahon broke her rule of nightly attendance at Covent Garden during the season of Grand Opera by going more than once to Sussex last week.

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Kreisler never now breaks his habit of giving the "Londonderry Air" as a last encore. He played it as his final piece at the Downing Street Charity Concert in aid of the Home and School Council of Great Britain, which aims at educating parents—a laudable object which sounds as if it would have the support of all young people!

Lady Cory, of course, was present. Kreisler and his charming American wife had lunched with her on the day of the concert, and he was saying that it seemed quite strange to him to be playing in anyone's private house but hers.

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Mrs. Roland Cubitt, the former Sonia Keppel, was the smartest figure in the audience, in white lace, with a white feather shoulder cape and "really and truly" pearl earrings. At the buffet-supper she told an amusing story of her youth. She said that as a girl she suffered terribly from shyness, and in order to effect a cure Mrs. George Keppel arranged that she should lunch at 10, Downing Street among the really distinguished, and see how easy it is to get on with brilliant men. Lord Oxford (then Mr. Asquith) sat on one side of her, and Lord Kitchener on the other—but she said she got no real benefit from her experience of meeting the Great Ones of the Earth, as she never stopped crying all through lunch from pure fright! Well, well! . . . Anyway, the story is charmingly old-world, and Mrs. Cubitt tells it perfectly.

. . . .

Mr. W. G. D. Hutchison, the Member for Romford, was one of the givers of afternoon parties last week. He had planned an outside festivity, for his paved garden is really a good one, and is adorned with a couple of angels which came off the House of Commons when it was "tidied up" not long ago; but the weather was against al-fresco enjoyment, so we all stayed indoors. Miss Yvonne Arnaud and Miss Marie Löhr were the chief guests. The former ought now to have a special interest in Parliament and M.P.s, for she is to be Henrietta Maria in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall. She wore a nice checked taffeta dress, and brought a new favourite with her—a black and white puppy.

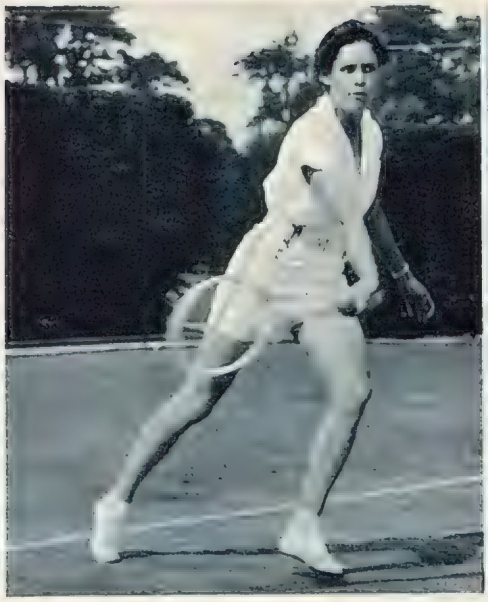
MARIEGOLD.

The HON. MARGARET THESIGER, youngest sister of Viscount Chelmsford, is engaged to Mr. J. M. Goldman, eldest son of Major C. S. and the Hon. Mrs. Goldman, of Sydney Lodge, Hamble.

LADY MARGUERITE BLIGH, daughter of the Earl of Darnley and of Mrs. Hugo Chandor, is engaged to Mr. Claud Strickland, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Strickland, of Charing, Kent. She is twenty-one years of age.

The marriage of LORD BURGH to MISS ELIZABETH ROSE VINCENT, daughter of Mr. Arthur R. Vincent, late of Muckross, Killarney, Co. Kerry, took place at St. Saviour's, Walton Street.

The marriage of MISS URSULA PACKE, younger daughter of Sir Edward and the Hon. Lady Packe, to MR. PETER CLIFTON, Grenadier Guards, only son of Lieut.-Colonel Percy and Mrs. Clifton, of Clifton Hall, Notts, took place at Prestwold. Our group shows the bride between the bridegroom and her father. MISS PENELOPE PACKE (right) was the only bridesmaid.



MISS CAROLYN BABCOCK—FOR SHOWING HOW TO BE REALLY COMFORTABLE ON THE LAWN-TENNIS COURT.

MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN—FOR KEEPING HER PLACE IN THE LIMELIGHT BY BEATING "THE OTHER HELEN" IN THE DARK.

MISS MIRIAM JENKINS—FOR PROVING THAT A BIG BAULK OF BALSA (LEFT) WEIGHS LESS THAN A LOGLET OF KINGWOOD.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS CAROLYN BABCOCK, a member of the American Wightman Cup team, wears the smartest of short shorts on the lawn-tennis courts.

MISS PEGGY SCRIVEN, the twenty-two-year-old Yorkshire girl, retained her Women's Singles Championship title in the French lawn-tennis championships after a sensational game in the final against Miss Helen Jacobs, the American champion, who is sometimes called "the other Helen" (to distinguish her from the famous Helen Wills Moody). The match was played late in the day, but the referee declined to postpone play when Miss Jacobs appealed against the bad light. It is a justifiable journalistic exaggeration to say that Peggy won in the dark!

MISS MIRIAM JENKINS consented to act as a very attractive human "scales" at the Los Angeles Foreign Trade Exposition, when the world's lightest timber, Balsa, which comes from Central and South America, was balanced up against the world's heaviest wood, the Kingwood, or Violet, from Brazil.

MISS ALICE MILLS was photographed holding the frog "General Grant" after it had won the Jumping Frog Jubilee Contest with a leap of 12 ft. 5 in.

FLIGHT-LIEUT. NICHOLAS COMPER showed his sangfroid at Heston when he went up in the new racer, "Streak," designed by himself. Soon after his ascent he dropped a handkerchief. It contained a message stating that he was forced to make a difficult landing, as his retractable under-carriage was out of order. He asked that the ambulance and fire-engine should therefore be called out in readiness. Actually, he landed skilfully and well.

DR. ARCHIBALD L. FLEMING, the newly-appointed Bishop of the Arctic, will use the delightful episcopal signature, "Archibald the Arctic" in all official correspondence.

MRS. ERNEST DIONNE, of North Bay, Ontario, recently gave birth to QUINTUPLETS, all girls. This remarkable family were born on May 28 and are not only very much alive, but are gaining weight slowly but steadily. Experts are never sure why the Great Bed of Ware, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, was built. It would fit Mrs. Dionne's family!

MISS ALICE MILLS—FOR BEING SO FRIENDLY WITH "GENERAL GRANT," THE WINNING LONG-JUMPER AT THE JUMPING FROG JUBILEE.

FLIGHT-LT. NICHOLAS COMPER—FOR ORDERING AN AMBULANCE AND A FIRE-ENGINE FROM THE AIR IN VIEW OF HIS POSSIBLE CRASH.

THE REV. DR. ARCHIBALD L. FLEMING—FOR BECOMING "ARCHIBALD THE ARCTIC."

MRS. ERNEST DIONNE—FOR MAKING HER HUSBAND A PRESENT OF QUINTUPLETS WHO ARE ALL PUTTING ON WEIGHT.

Whitbread & Co., Ltd. Gilbert Cousland.

"A spot of Lunch, a glass of Beer, and Thou."

Miss Heather Thatcher and Mr. Owen Nares at the Monseigneur.

The model illustrated is the Twenty-70 Sports Saloon at £360

There is a Hillman car for every motoring need — at a price which is less than that of any similar car of comparable quality. A Hillman gives you safety and reliability and provides unusual roominess and comfort.

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MINX *from* £159. AERO-MINX *from* £225.
SIX CYLINDER MODELS (TWENTY-70 and 16-H.P.) *from* £265.
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C.F.H.

WINDSOR LAD'S DERBY — WATCHED BY THEIR MAJESTIES AND OTHERS.

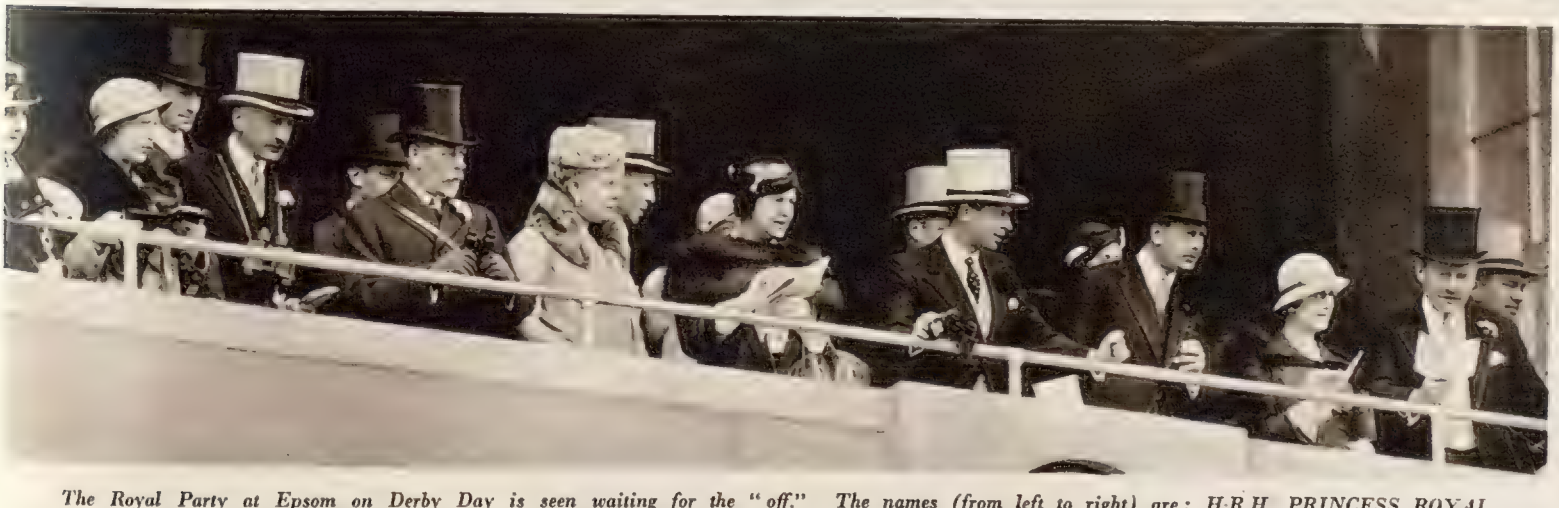
MRS. H. LODER (left) wore a coat and dress, and LADY PENRHYN had a long coat, on Derby Day.

Five débutantes all in a row is a rare sight at Epsom. These are (l. to r.) MISS LULU ESMOND, LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, LADY URSULA MANNERS, MISS RUTH PRIMROSE, and the HON. LAVINIA STRUTT.

MISS DIANA BETHELL and LADY LAVINIA DUNDAS were together. Lady Lavinia is Lord Zetland's younger girl.

LADY MARY LYGON had a suit with a cape, and a low-brimmed "sailor" hat.

LADY HARRINGTON (right) and LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM are here seen at Epsom with a friend.



The Royal Party at Epsom on Derby Day is seen waiting for the "off." The names (from left to right) are: H.R.H. PRINCESS ROYAL, BRIGADIER-GENERAL "MOUSE" TOMKINSON (manager of the King's racing stable), H.R.H. THE DUKE OF YORK (behind), H.M. THE KING, H.M. THE QUEEN, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK (only top of her hat visible), the DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND, H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES (only top of his hat visible), H.R.H. PRINCE GEORGE, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT, and H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

ENGLISH HISTORY THE PAGEANT

THE PROLOGUE; written by John Drinkwater and spoken by LADY FORBES-ROBERTSON. Dame Sybil Thorndike is appearing at alternate performances.

(Right) THE OUTSTANDING EPISODE. The barons compel King John (Lord St. John of Bletso) to sign Magna Carta. England, welded into a single state by the Norman Conquest, has reached a moment when her Feudal Sovereign must be controlled.

(Left) THE PLANTAGENET EPISODE; 1358. Jousting before Edward III. (Major Bourne-May and Mr. Eric Newson-Smith, alternately) and Queen Philippa (the Hon. Lady Harvey and Lady Kavanagh).

THE PAGEANT OF RUNNYMEDE, in aid of Local Hospitals and Charities, began on Saturday, June 9, and will continue twice daily until June 16. The programme comprises eight episodes, representing historic events from A.D. 44 to 1816. An outstanding episode is, naturally, the sealing of Magna Carta by King John. Miss Gwen Lally is the Pageant Master and Lady de Chair is the Hon. Organiser.

WHERE JOHN SEALED: OF RUNNYMEDE.

THE SAXON EPISODE: A.D. 884. The Invasion by the Danes. A party of Danes reaches Chertsey Abbey and demands its surrender. The Abbot refuses; the monastery is burnt down.

THE TUDOR EPISODE; 1522. Henry VIII. (Mr. Brough Ansdell) entertains Charles V. (Messrs. John Walter, Edward Voules, and A. Withey, alternately). Wolsey is played by Sir Barry Jackson and Paul Tingey, and Catherine of Aragon by Lady Elibank, Miss Claire Elwes, Lady Melchett, and Lady Bird.

(Right) In 1215. King John (Lord St. John of Bletso) on his Throne at Runnymede, on the site of the present Pageant ground.

THE QUEEN OF BEAUTY in the PLANTAGENET EPISODE (1358) is played by Miss Veronica Innes.

(Left) THE ROMANO-BRITISH EPISODE; A.D. 44. The domestic life of a British chieftain (Mr. J. Hoy and Mr. Neville Darewsky, alternately) interrupted by the approach of the Romans. Col. Childers is Vespasian.

WEDDINGS; A CHRISTENING; ART; AND A BALL.

MLLE. YVONNE PRINTEMPS opened the "one-man" show of works by M. VUILLARD at Arthur Tooth's Gallery. He is a distinguished painter who is represented at the Tate Gallery by three picturee. This is his first Show in England.

The COUNTESS OF CARRICK was the Chairman of the "Horse-Shoe" Ball in aid of the Horses' International League, held on Derby Night. The EARL OF LONSDALE came to the dance.

The marriage of the HON. DAVID EDWARD HELY-HUTCHINSON, younger son of the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore, to MISS BARBARA MARY WYLD, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyld, took place at Holy Trinity, Sloane Street.

The marriage of MR. SPENCER BLOCK, the Surrey cricketer, Cambridge Blue, and well-known Rugger player, to MISS GRIZELDA DEWAR, eldest daughter of Mr. Michael Dewar, took place at Welwyn Church.

MR. PETER TIARKS, youngest son of Mr. F. C. Tiarks, of Foxbury, Chislehurst, married MISS PAMELA MARY SILVERTOP, younger daughter of the late Commander Arthur Silvertop, R.N., at Brompton Oratory.

The infant daughter of the HON. MERVYN and MRS. WINGFIELD was christened at St. Patrick's Church, Powercourt, and received the names of GRANIA SYBIL. Mrs. Wingfield was Miss Sheila Beddington.

GRAN'POP GIVES IT AWAY!

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

A MIDSUMMER

FROM THE PICTURE

DAY'S DREAM.

BY STRANGEMAN.

"THE SURVIVOR'S STORY" by A. D. McCORMICK R.I.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT
TOBACCO & CIGARETTES

NCC.59

CONTEMPORARY CHIC BY TALLULAH.

1. MISS TALLULAH BANKHEAD'S wardrobe contains this amusing evening dress, which suggests the line of a little sea-horse such as those the Venetians love to make in glass. The dress is carried out in a clear blue, and the bright scarlet coat is of ruched taffeta.

2. TALLULAH'S tailor-mades include a suit in plover's-egg blue. The coat of blue and black check has unusual revers. A black hat, bag, and gloves are worn to complete the colour-scheme. This model, like the others on the page, is by Schiaparelli.

3. MISS BANKHEAD'S afternoon ensemble for town wear consists of a dress of thin black English tweed with a purple and black silk bodice. The little cape, which has an interesting folded collar, is in the black tweed. The knitted hat is black.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY DOROTHY WILDING.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO:

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE French critic who wrote a whole tome to prove that there are only thirty-six dramatic situations in the world had better take a back seat. In "VINTAGE WINE," at Daly's, the author, Alexander Engel, and his two adapters, Seymour Hicks and Ashley Dukes, who have done this work brilliantly, demonstrate to a fault that they have found a new and jolly central idea. Here we have M. Popinot, owner of world-famous champagne and lover of the fair sex. He has married, at sixty-two—though he declares but forty-five—a delicious girl in the twenties; he has a dear little baby; he also has—and that 's the trouble—a very old, imperious mother, and a couple of sons by an earlier marriage—both middle-aged. He has daughters-in-law and a grandchild, as well as a great-grandchild—*enfin*, a whole baggage of family from whom he has concealed his marriage, letting them believe that he had merely a mistress. Now, Popinot is also a spendthrift, and his family, in order to preserve the estate and fortune, try to place him under a guardianship—which in France is not unusual. When they find out the real state of affairs, there is the devil to pay—poor Popinot, for his lies, is kicked about like a football; he is in mortal fear that his wife will leave him, and his joy is indescribable when he finds that she is merely teaching him a lesson. From beginning to end, the play, which is full of joyful characters and witty sallies, sparkles like the best vintage of the Maison Popinot. I have rarely laughed so heartily and so continuously—one felt from the start that the audience had taken to the play. But then, how could it be otherwise with the incomparable Seymour Hicks at the helm?—more buoyant, more resourceful, than ever: the great universal comedian of our time. And next to him, Miss Julia Neilson, a *Madame mère* of aristocratic, commanding mien and manner; Miss Claire Luce, the adorable, piquante little wife, played with heart and soul and intellect; Miss Nancy O'Neil, the real brand of 1934, cheeky and forward, yet full of common sense; and, among many others, Mr. Bromley-Davenport, a splendid, knowing, wise-acreing old "servant and friend of the family."

"Bundling," an old Scottish custom, is presented in New England in "The Pursuit of Happiness," at the Vaudeville. Prudence (PEGGY CONKLIN) is being virtuously wooed by Max Christman (TONIO STEWART), according to rules. The centre board sometimes let down between the couple is up at the moment.

What is wanted in this cheery, happy-go-lucky rigmarole of "HAPPY WEEK-END," at the Duke of York's, is more musical irrigation—the third act is all palaver and explanations. So long as the chief actors sing or dance their share of the story, which is run on strictly conventional musical-comedy lines—impecunious lovers; *coup de foudre* lovers; jealousy and quarrels; simulated parting; kiss and make-up—we are pleased. Miss Louise Browne is pretty, fascinating, and accomplished, and partners well with David Hutcheson; and the two Hungarians, Miss Magda Kun and Mr. Steve Geray, are like well-charged batteries.

"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" at the Vaudeville. Meg (DENNIE MOORE) is showing some of the things she keeps hot in the kitchen for the regular army. She has a tendency to slip out after dark to "get something in the barn."

Those adorable *piccoli*, the Italian Marionettes of Signor Podrecca, are with us again at the Scala, and they easily maintain their repute that they are the *Duci* of their gentle art. Eleven years have passed since their last visit; the immortal Bil-Bal-Bul—to our infinite joy—is still with them; but the rest of the programme has made ambitious strides beyond all expectation. The "Bull-Fight" is the real article—bull, matador, horse, and all in perfect miniature; "Old Vienna" is a pocket edition of Strauss waltzes in a frame of the Wiener Wald and the Prater that makes one sigh for the days when the Danube city was the hub of European gaiety; and the programme is full of variety.

I thoroughly enjoyed that racy, romantic comedy, "THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS," which the American company who made it into a New York success are presenting at the Vaudeville. Its background is New England during the War of Independence, and its *milieu* a Connecticut farm. Here a charming romance is woven, and we are introduced to the custom of "bundling," or courting in bed. It is so prettily done, thanks to the delicacy of the writing and the excellence of the playing, that the episode is wholly delightful. It is the quality of the comedy that it never degenerates into clowning. There is a saucy maid who flits in and out as naughtily and amusingly as any Restoration baggage; a cavalier officer and a genial father who both find company in the bottle; a negro servant who wakes a smile with his over-eager attentions; a sheriff with a battery of effective shafts; and a mother orthodox and strict in her Calvinism. But the story focusses on the engaging young Hessian, the dutiful yet mischievous daughter, and the fearful, "Peeping-Tom," self-righteous parson; and it is told with grace, wit, and style. Above all, it is played to perfection in a team spirit that is so harmonious that it is almost invidious to single out performances.

At the Comedy, Mr. John Tilley makes his appearance in a full-length farce, "THE PRIVATE ROAD." Now, I am an admirer of Mr. Tilley's comic gifts, and in this piece he acts the pagan schoolmaster who bends the knee to Amaryllis with a fine sense of radiating fun. He has the *flair* for characterisation, as we know who have seen his cameos at the Windmill, but I wish he had been happier in his play. As a music-hall joke it would, under compression, have been admirable, but spread over an evening it is too attenuated.

In an overflowing week, there is just space enough to revert to the successful return of the Lyceum to good old melodrama, of which "KING OF THE DAMNED," by John Chancellor, is a very fair specimen. Plenty of blood and thunder in this romance of the Commandant's daughter (Miss Marjorie Mars at her tenderest) with the rebel convict (Giles Isham).

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

AFTER a comparatively uneventful week, a batch of new films has arrived to stir things up a bit. The Academy has secured a delightful German picture in "LIEBES KOMMANDO," a military comedy set to lively music. The director, Geza von Bolvary, has used an authentic incident in the annals of the Viennese Military Academy to spin a pretty yarn about a girl-cadet who takes her brother's place, and made a splendid job of it for three years. An Emperor's pardon and a handsome husband reward her pluck and patriotism. Bolvary turns the adventure into a frolic which extends from the boisterous cadets to a gay old dog of a General. Dolly Haas, a charming *ingénue* who can really look like a boy, and Gustav Froehlich head a first-rate company.

The Gaumont-British picture, "WINGS OVER EVEREST," lends distinction to the programme of the Curzon, which is, however, not so happy in its fiction film, "TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME," a back-stage musical romance, with Carl Brisson as a temperamental composer seeking inspiration for a waltz-tune, and Frances Day supplying it. She also supplies abundant opportunities for Brisson's famous smiles, love-making, and petulance. The picture is lavishly staged, but sadly lacking in humour, though Brisson appears to be thoroughly enjoying himself. Possibly his "fans" will, too.

The story of the Houston Mount Everest Flight achieves an exhilarating atmosphere of a perilous enterprise, embarked upon with an air of unconcern, as if it were no more than a penny bus-ride. It is even a little difficult to realise the dangers of the flight, so serenely does "the roof of the world" unroll its gigantic panorama beneath the questing planes. One moment of imminent death is calmly averted, when Mr. Bennett ties a handkerchief round a broken oxygen pipe and "carries on." The whole spirit of the venture is summed up in a terse bit of dialogue. "What was it like?" the returning airmen were asked. "Oh, all right," comes the answer!

Jessie Matthews, big-eyed, long-limbed, and graceful as a wood-nymph, impresses her piquant personality on every foot of the musical comedy "EVERGREEN" (New Gallery). They have worked her pretty hard in this spectacular adaptation, but she tackles every situation with the *panache* of the genuine star. Benn Levy has a capital story to tell of a chorus-girl foisted on to the public by an enterprising publicity agent as her famous mother, an Edwardian *divette*, in a sensational "come-back." It could have stood up by itself without the frequent interruptions of elaborate dance-scenas, and might have gained in conciseness by their omission. However, this is a picture built on popular lines, and on a large scale. Smoothly directed by Victor Saville, it glitters at every point, even discovering — thanks to the resourceful Sonnie Hale — fresh entertainment in the old back-stage business.

The new Plaza picture, "SPITFIRE" concerns itself more with the study of a complex character than with the telling of a story. Portrayed as it is by Katharine Hepburn, whose integrity singles her out as something unique on the screen, it is an arresting piece of work. Miss Hepburn plays—one might say, lives—the part of a mountain waif, rough of tongue and fierce in self-defence, but imbued with a faith so burningly simple that prayer becomes part of her daily life. She is driven from her home by the superstition of her neighbours, but with a promise of return to the man who has befriended her, a forthright engineer, finely played by Ralph Bellamy. The star's brilliant handling of the central figure, her humour, her complete sincerity, and the firm direction of John Cromwell, triumph over the dangers of an unusual subject.

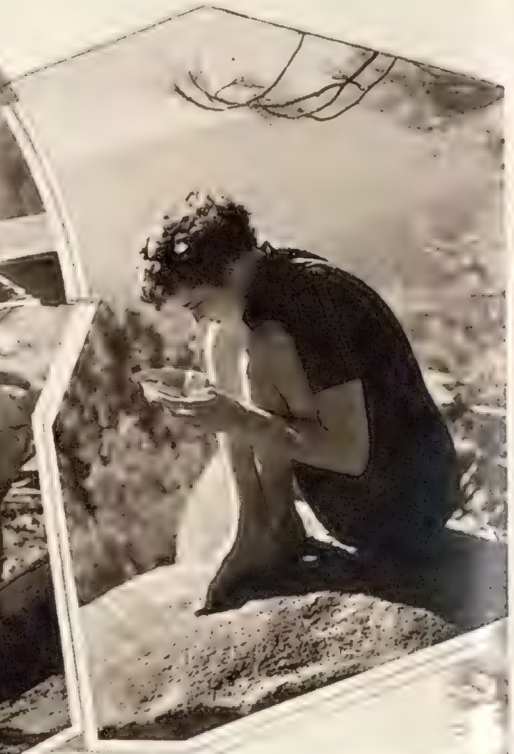
Though "MURDER AT THE VANITIES" (Carlton) is yet another back-stage story, here is such clever dovetailing of murder-mystery and stage spectacle that the interpolated song and dance numbers borrow drama from the sleuthing of a killer. With a detective in the wings waiting to arrest the leading man, or, alternatively, his mother, neither beauty *en masse* and practically unadorned, nor ostrich-feather foam, can snap the tension. Mitchell Leisen's direction is masterly. He brings out the best in Carl Brisson, and gives every chance to the slick repartee of Jack Oakie and Victor MacLaglen. Kitty Carlisle lends dignity and a fine voice to the leading lady, and an effective piece of emotional acting is Dorothy Stickney's contribution to an excellent entertainment.

A double-feature programme at the Empire includes "THE PATH OF GLORY," an amusing, though rather leisurely, Ruritanian satire, which slyly burlesques current economic conditions, and gives us some good acting by Felix Aylmer, Athole Stewart, and Maurice Evans; and "HOLLYWOOD PARTY," a burlesque of more complicated pattern, with a dash of the Marx Brothers' madness, but lacking their inimitable wit.

Max (TONIO STEWART) and Prudence (PEGGY CONKLIN), the hero and heroine of "The Pursuit of Happiness," at the Vaudeville, are "bundled" into marriage! Our Sherriffs caricature shows (l. to r.) Comfort Kirkland (ELEANOR HICKS), Aaron Kirkland (FRANK CAMP), the Rev. Banks (JOHN F. HAMILTON), Thaddeus Jennings (FORREST ORR), Prudence and Max. They might be described emotionally as Hearty Resignation, Artful Ecstasy, Virtuous Rapture, Baffled Envy, Heavenly Bliss, and Complete Insanity.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XXII.

THE ATTITUDES OF THE HEPBURN.



MISS KATHARINE HEPBURN'S latest rôle is that of a wild charmer, heroine of "SPIT-FIRE," the new Radio Pictures drama. She is a beautiful mountain witch, a faith-healer who hides her good works and wonderful character under a rough exterior. The story is adapted from Lula Vollmer's Broadway stage success and has a background of the San Jacinto mountains of Southern California. Miss Hepburn plays opposite to MR. ROBERT YOUNG, who is shown with her in these studies.

The '*best thing*' of the day

Dry work shouting home the winner—particularly if it's not yours. But for consolation—or, better, celebration—there's the 'best thing' of the day at the bar . . . with glorious, sparkling

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She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".
TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING
CORK TIPPED
CRAVEN "A"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

THE "TOUCH WOOD" BABY VAMP: DOROTHY HYSON.

MISS DOROTHY HYSON, the charming young actress-daughter of Miss Dorothy Dickson (Mrs. Hyson), plays Mab Lawrence, the confident youngster in "Touch Wood," the new C. L. Anthony success at the Haymarket. Mab falls in love with a married man, and, after successfully vamping him on a rock by moonlight, expects his wife to agree to a divorce in her favour. She gets a surprise.

THE HOUR-GLASS AND JESSIE MATTHEWS — "EVERGREEN."

1. *MISS JESSIE MATTHEWS played Harriet Green, the heroine of "EVERGREEN," on the stage. She is seen in the same part in the screen version at the New Gallery Cinema. Here she is as Harriet Green II.*

2. *Time plays an important part in the plot of "Evergreen." Hence this symbolic scene of an ultra-modern Jessie Matthews and the inexorable hour-glass.*

3. *A striking scene in "Evergreen," with Jessie Matthews dancing on the spiral staircase.*

4. *Miss Jessie Matthews as the original Harriet Green (the mother) with a fantastic Edwardian coiffure and a dress trimmed with swansdown.*

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Whether you come for a *Muscle-Strapping Skin-Toning Treatment*, to make your skin as soft as silk, as young as you want it to be...or a *Sensation Treatment*, in which that marvellous new salve is applied to banish lines and wrinkles and awaken your skin to new radiance and beauty...you do so in the knowledge that your every shortcoming will receive the attention of an expert, your every feature will be studied with care. And while you lie back comfortably, happily, luxuriously, Elizabeth Arden's assistant turns back the clock. For an appointment, please telephone Regent 1001.

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Venetian Cleansing Cream...Melts into the pores, rids them of dust and impurities and leaves the skin soft and receptive. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6.

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Ardena Velva Cream ... A beautiful, delicate cream that smooths and refreshes without fattening. Keeps the skin soft and healthy. 4/6, 8/6, 12/6, 22/6.

Venetian Orange Skin Food...Keeps the skin full and firm, rounds out lines and hollows. 4/6, 7/6, 12/6, 18/6.

Venetian Special Astringent...Tightens the skin, firms the contour, gives new life to faces on which the flesh is relaxed or sunken. Always apply Orange Skin Food or Velva Cream afterwards. 9/6, 17/6, 42/-.

Spotpruf Lotion...A marvellous preparation for the relief of spots and eruptions. Clears the skin, leaving the surface soft, smooth, silky. 12/6.

FOR THE FINAL TOUCH OF BEAUTY

The New Amoretta Cream...This exquisite preparation now comes in two new colours: Rachel...which gives the skin a radiant glow; Naturelle...which imparts an exquisite finish. 4/6, 8/6.

Ardena Powder...A lovely powder for those who demand ultra quality. So soft, so fine, so pure that it protects the skin. Ten enchanting shades. 12/6.

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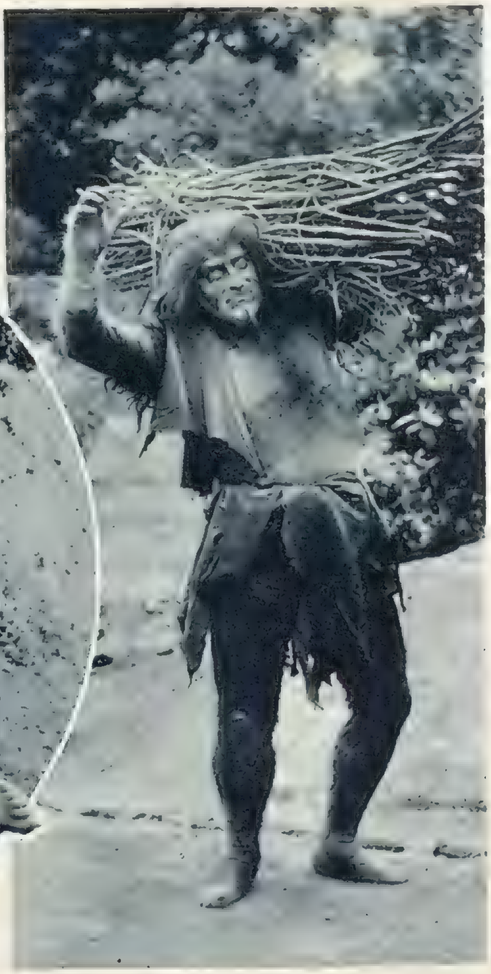
PARIS BERLIN ROME

"THE TEMPEST" was presented last week in the open-air theatre in Regent's Park. This photograph shows the Masque which Ariel arranges for the entertainment of Miranda and Ferdinand. Prospero (JOHN DRINKWATER) is in the centre; and in the background Juno (MARIE BURKE) is seen with Ceres (NORA COLTON) and Iris (GREER GARSON).

THE OPEN-AIR "TEMPEST"; IN REGENT'S PARK.

MR. LESLIE FRENCH as Ariel.

MISS PAMELA STANLEY as Miranda.



MR. ROBERT ATKINS as Caliban.

Bear Brand's Style 55 are expressive of the era in which we live—they are so up-to-date.

So fantastically fine, yet such soft silken strength. So drably dull-lustred, yet as gay as the legs to which they cling so wrinklessly.

You should rush for them—the crush for them is not surprising (at 6/11)—no wonder sales are rising!

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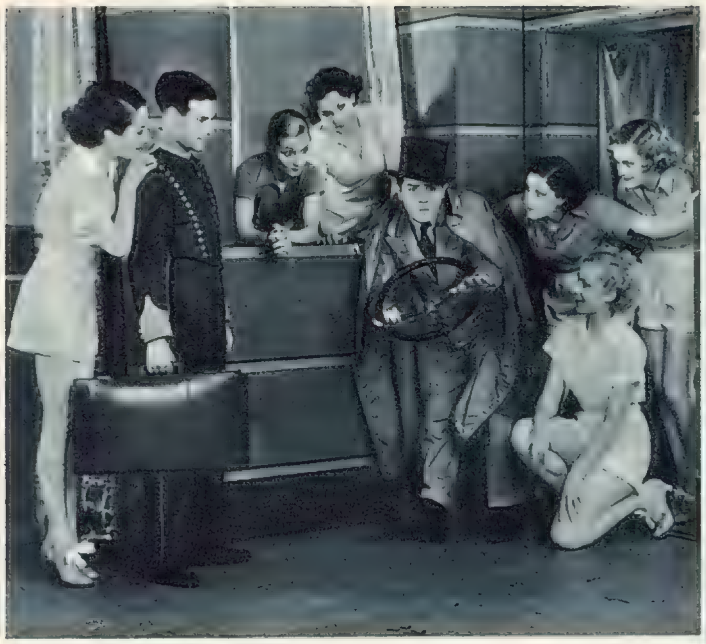
CREPE **LUXURY** STOCKINGS

PARIS IS JEALOUS BECAUSE THEY ARE BRITISH MADE

Made at Woolton by Howard Ford & Co. Ltd., of London and Liverpool

"HAPPY WEEK-END"— FROM BUDAPEST TO LONDON.



"HAPPY WEEK-END," the musical play at the Duke of York's, is based on the Hungarian piece "Katz im Sack." Richard Brant, or "Riki" (STEVE GERAY), is keeping his friends in a state of excitement by his description of a motor ride.

Polly (LOUISE BROWNE), the country mouse who has become a sophisticated town one, is watching. Mitzi (MAGDA KUN) has fainted in the arms of Edward Potts (CLAUD ALLISTER). Riki (STEVE GERAY) is registering distress.

Riki and Mitzi are played by the two Hungarian artists, STEVE GERAY and MAGDA KUN.

The characters (l. to r.) in this group are: Polly (LOUISE BROWNE), Francis (DAVID HUTCHESON), Edward Potts (CLAUD ALLISTER), Mitzi (MAGDA KUN), and Riki (STEVE GERAY).

Mitzi (MAGDA KUN) has butted in at an awkward moment on Edward Potts (CLAUD ALLISTER) and Riki (STEVE GERAY; right).

Polly (LOUISE BROWNE) comes from the country in order to win the love of a young man about town. She is trying to get her cousin, Riki (STEVE GERAY), to approve of her plan.

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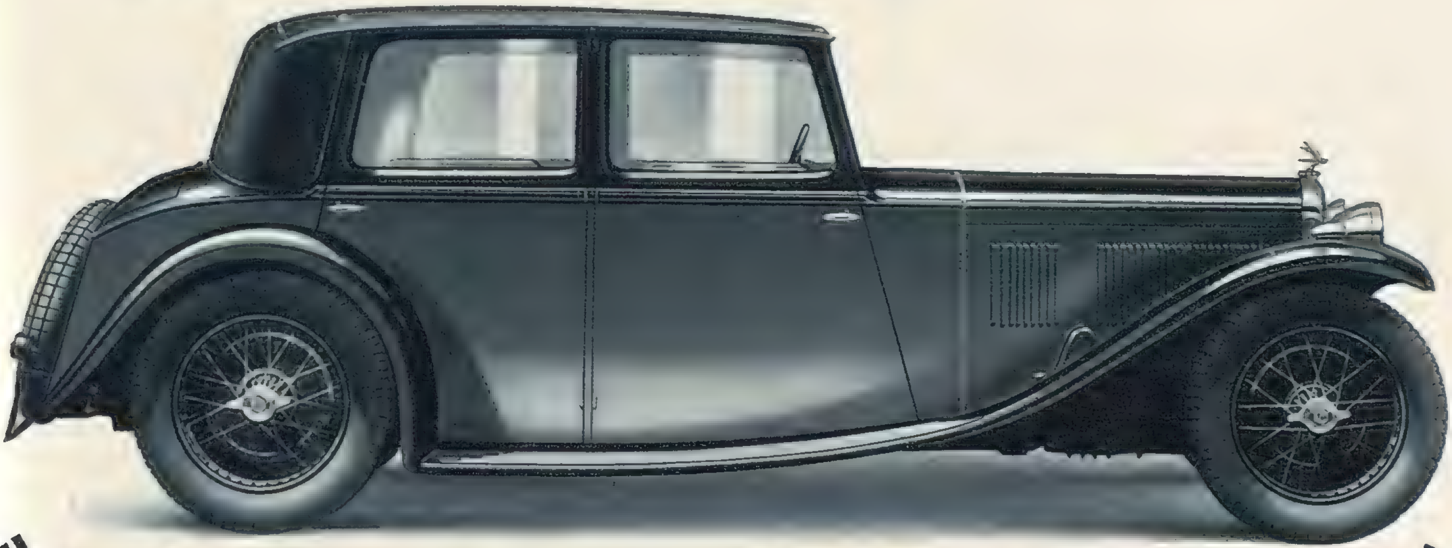

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ALVIS

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The season of the BALLETS RUSSES DU COL. W. DE BASIL DE MONTE CARLO opens on Tuesday, June 19, at Covent Garden. "UNION - PACIFIC" is one of the new ballets to be presented. The music is by N. Nabokoff; and the choreography is by Massine. It represents the building of the Union - Pacific Railway across America; completed in 1869.

"Union-Pacific" was presented recently in Paris for the first time. These dancers represent the Irish workmen employed to make the railway. The Ballet Company will be approximately the same as that seen in London last year.

The Chinese labourers employed in the building of the railway in the ballet ("Union-Pacific") are rivals of the Irish labourers. Sir Thomas Beecham is conducting on the opening night of the ballet.

RUSSIAN BALLET RAILWAY - BUILDING: "UNION - PACIFIC."

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in the finest class of travel
they demand the finest class of drinks

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At lunch in the Imperial Airways liner 'Heracles'

Have you tried
IDRIS GRAPE FRUIT?

Next time you want a long refreshing drink try IDRIS Grape Fruit. Here's the bracing bitter-sweet refreshment of your morning grape fruit, in the form of a deliciously cooling drink. And it's made from RIPE grape fruit—such as you're seldom lucky enough to eat. IDRIS wait for this perfect moment when the fruit reaches the height of its refreshing powers—when its flavour and its tonic properties are *fully ripened*—and then they squeeze it to make their Grape Fruit Drinks. There's Squash—Crush—and Sparkling.

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AIR-LAND-SEA

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IDRIS

BY APPOINTMENT
Purveyors of Mineral Waters to His Majesty the King

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

IN the majority of murder stories the writer hardly makes a pretence at characterisation. There is the victim, the detective, and the criminal, and a host of minor personages whose rôle is to put the reader off the scent. They are none of them real people, for the convention which rules their world does not allow them to be. They have to be moved about like pieces on a chess-board, and it would not do for them to have wills of their own. We must not feel sorry for them, we must not even sympathise with them; for if we do we shall get our entire attitude to the story wrong. Most authors take precautions about this. They make both the murderer and the murderee people for whom it is impossible to feel much sympathy. The murderer is portrayed as being actuated solely by madness or jealousy or avarice or revenge; the murderee is perhaps an octogenarian, whose death the criminal only anticipates by a year or two; or he has some affliction which makes life a burden to him; or (this is the commonest way of presenting him) he is hardly more amiable than the murderer—in fact, is often a retired murderer himself. In any case, we cannot feel really sorry at his demise. In stories of this kind we seldom find that a young and beautiful girl, or an eligible and attractive man, is murdered; directly they appear we may rest assured that they bear a charmed life.

There are writers, however, like Miss Dorothy L. Sayers and Miss Georgette Heyer—whose excellent book, "The Unfinished Clue," I reviewed a short time ago—who do give their characters personality. But even they cannot endow them with free will or independence of action. Their personalities are mere labels or decorations, making for readability, but almost powerless to affect the course of the story, which follows a prearranged plan from which the ordinary motions of the human heart have been ruled out.

"Another Man's Wife."

It is in this respect that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes differs from, and is superior to, most other novelists who make crime their subject. In her stories, murder is an almost inevitable consequence of the effect of certain circumstances on certain natures. In "Another Man's Wife" the murderer is a woman, charming, beautiful, and young; the last person whom the reader expects—or, indeed, wants—to be guilty of a crime. But Mrs. Lowndes is no sentimentalist. Delia Seaton has something in common with Letty Lynton, and with other of the author's heroine-villains. She is cold, calculating, shrewd, and the sum of her ambitions can be enclosed in two words: men and money. The former were always ready to come at Delia's call. Her husband, "Jim the Bowler," whom cruel fate deprived of his leg; Rex Chandos, the racing motorist; Harry Wentworth, the doctor: all were at her feet as soon as they saw her. But money is no respecter of persons; and after her (supposedly) millionaire father's failure and death, Delia was left with very little money indeed. She had been used to having a lot; she was wildly extravagant, and how she hated the squalor and the semi-starvation which marked her life in the Thatched House with Jim!—no longer "the bowler," no longer the idol of the public, but a wretched cripple, tormented with insomnia and neuralgia, and unable to do a hand's turn to relieve their poverty.

MME. CONCHITA SUPERVIA'S Covent Garden début was fixed for last night (Tuesday, June 12), when she arranged to sing Angelina, the leading rôle in Rossini's "LA CENERENTOLA" (Cinderella), one of the most discussed operatic novelties of the season. The scenery, designed by Gabriel Volkoff, is new, and so are the costumes. "La Cenerentola" was originally presented at Covent Garden in 1830, and about forty years ago it was included in a season given by Signor Lago at the Shaftesbury. The cast in the new production at Covent Garden is said to be perfect. Dino Borgioli sings Don Ramiro. Gino Marinuzzi is conducting. Our photographs of MME. CONCHITA SUPERVIA show her in Spanish costume and in a very smart modern day dress with a "forage cap" hat, reminiscent of the old "R.F.C.," and flying wings to adorn the high neck of her dress.

Twice a Murderer.

So Delia contrives first one murder, and then another. In most crime stories, the second murder seems less natural than the first; but not in "Another Man's Wife." We feel that Delia is getting her hand in. Mrs. Lowndes does not like her—who could, without the charm of her appearance to help her?—but she understands every motive that passed through that mean, worried little mind, and so profound is her insight that it awakens in the reader a slight stir of forgiveness, and even pity. Fate and her own nature were too much for Delia. She is most subtly drawn; as are, in their different ways, Jim, Rex Chandos, Wentworth, and Wentworth's wife—the rich, parsimonious, fretful Juliet. It was said of Balzac that even his scullions had genius. Mrs. Lowndes's maids and charwomen may not have that, but they all have life and individuality: there is hardly a makeweight figure in the book. And what a nice sense the author has of social distinctions, and the way they are reflected in thought, speech, and outlook! The tremendous part that money plays in the smallest detail of everyday life is a factor overlooked by most novelists. Mrs. Lowndes takes it into full account; and this awareness gives her stories, even when their theme seems improbable, an air of reality.

Of course, her book has its defects. Is it likely that a man like Jim Seaton would not have had friends to relieve him from grinding poverty? The fact that this improbability troubles us so little is a measure of the author's compelling imaginative power. [Continued on page xxii.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

For any sort of garden-party this gay frock in blue and white crackled organdie would be ideal. Fluted white organdie frills form short sleeves and dance about the feet, emphasising the slenderness of the lines of the skirt. The wide-brimmed bonnet is made of very fine crinoline trimmed with ciré ribbons. Both come from Harrods.

JOHN EVERARD

ROMANCE FLIES TO OUR HEADS

On the left is a hat that would see one through any number of warm days in town, for it has great distinction without excessive formality. Made of fine black straw, two white quills are placed dramatically across the front.

The dress is of black and white plaid taffeta with magyar sleeves and a red leather belt, while interest is added to the taffeta coat by a corded collar and panels.

Very shallow and debonair, the little tip-tilted hat shown below is of white paper panama with silken cords threaded through a stitched straw buckle, and a brim which curls upwards at the edges. With a cool linen suit it would be perfect for week-ends by the sea.

And so we have, from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W., a distinguished hat for grand occasions and a gay one for holidays.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

(Opposite page.) A romantic Ascot hat in black leghorn, the sweeping brim dipping over one eye, with scarlet poppies resting lightly on the front. The almost flat crown is of black tulle, which naturally makes it particularly flattering to the fair-haired.

Bright field flowers riot over the instep-length white crêpe dress, which has a cleverly draped corsage, wide sleeves which fall back to reveal the forearm, and a blue taffeta sash.

(Opposite page.) A universally becoming version of the Sailor, which, in each of its forms, has just run away with all the honours this season. Made in white paper panama, it has a double brim which gives it a soft rolled edge.

Rows of fluted navy-blue gros grain ribbon are carried out from the crown, and there is a long-ended bow in the front. All models from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge.

ALL ON A SUMMER'S DAY

LUNCHING IN TAILORED SILKS

There is very little frivolity about the silks we are wearing this summer. The majority of them are slender and straight, relying almost entirely on the skilful blending of colour and the building up of a well-balanced design. Exquisitely cut, the white ribbed silk suit shown above is patterned with overlapping black and red dice. The waisted jacket fastens with link buttons, the skirt has two inverted pleats at the front, and the delicately lovely blouse is of slightly stiffened chiffon, intricately hand-tucked.

Wherever one goes one meets these cool, trim suits, worn with jaunty sailor hats trimmed with dark gros grain ribbons.

Here is a compromising sort of dress, for, though it is tailored so far as its actual line is concerned, it suddenly changes its mind and becomes all gay and youthful, with little gauged bows on the sleeves and at the back of the waist. Made in mulberry-coloured crêpe-de-Chine, spotted and barred with white, it has a high neck shaped with fin-like tucks, and a row of tiny self-covered buttons running from the neck to the bustle drapery. With the suit above, it comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W., where one can always be sure of finding exactly the sort of frock one wants for any occasion.

JOHN EVERARD

DINING IN SHIMMERING SATIN

As elusive as moonlight, this bleu ciel satin dress falls in graceful, unbroken folds which give height and slenderness to the figure. A large flower is worn on the bosom, and embroidered panels draw attention to the beautifully moulded hipline and match the tailored jacket, patterned with transparent circular cabouchons.

This charmingly sophisticated model comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, W.

NEW ACCESSORIES THAT WILL WORK HARD FOR YOU

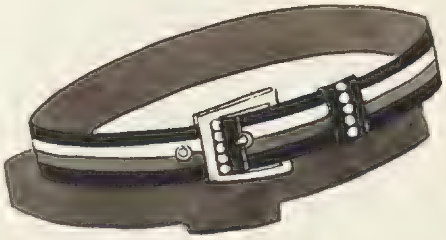
Beneath your chin wear a white hemstitched organdie flower and a black one edged with white. They are enchanting on a simple frock.

A Spanish hand-made shoe in white suède interlaced with white kid. Very light and cool, the contrasting leathers give a two-toned effect. Price 39s. 6d.

Gloves of white or natural linen, and a square bag in calf or seal with a distinctive chromium mount and ring, are a great help to a simple suit. The bag is made in many colours, and in calf costs only 25s. 6d. Immediately below our artist has sketched the waterfall jabot of a white organdie sleeveless blouse front. In this, for 5s. 11d., you can achieve the effect that Paris stressed over and over again in the Mid-Season Collections. With all the other accessories (except the shoes) on this page, it comes from Peter Robinson, of Oxford Street, W.

A summer walking shoe in white kid and light tan willow. The scalloped effects and the ornamental punching are interesting, and they cost only 35s. 6d.

White or natural linen crêpe and dark brown kid are allied in this holiday model. All shoes on this page from Lilley and Skinner, 358, Oxford Street, W.



A leather belt in three contrasting colours, and fine suède gloves in navy, brown, or beige, with a cuff most intricately tucked like the under-part of a mushroom.

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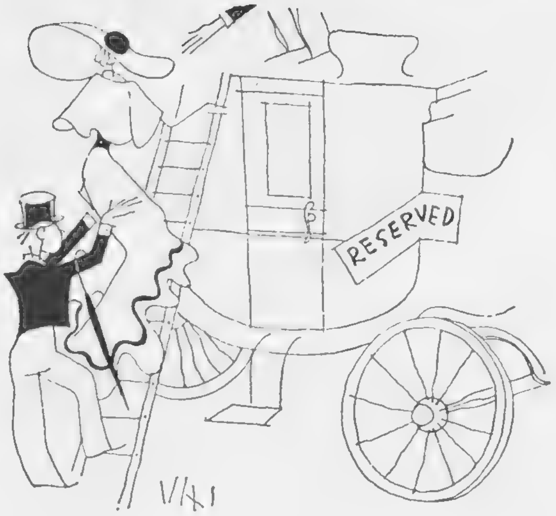
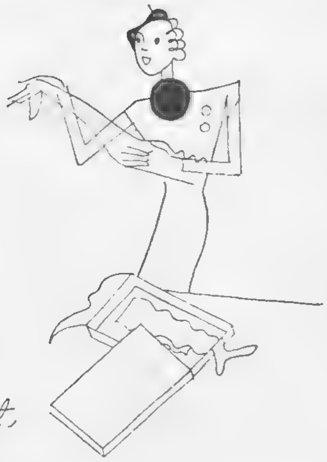


We create
258
and 358 (with clock)



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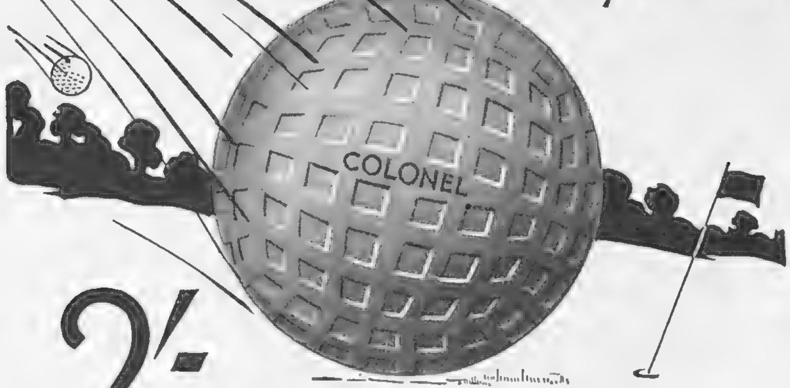

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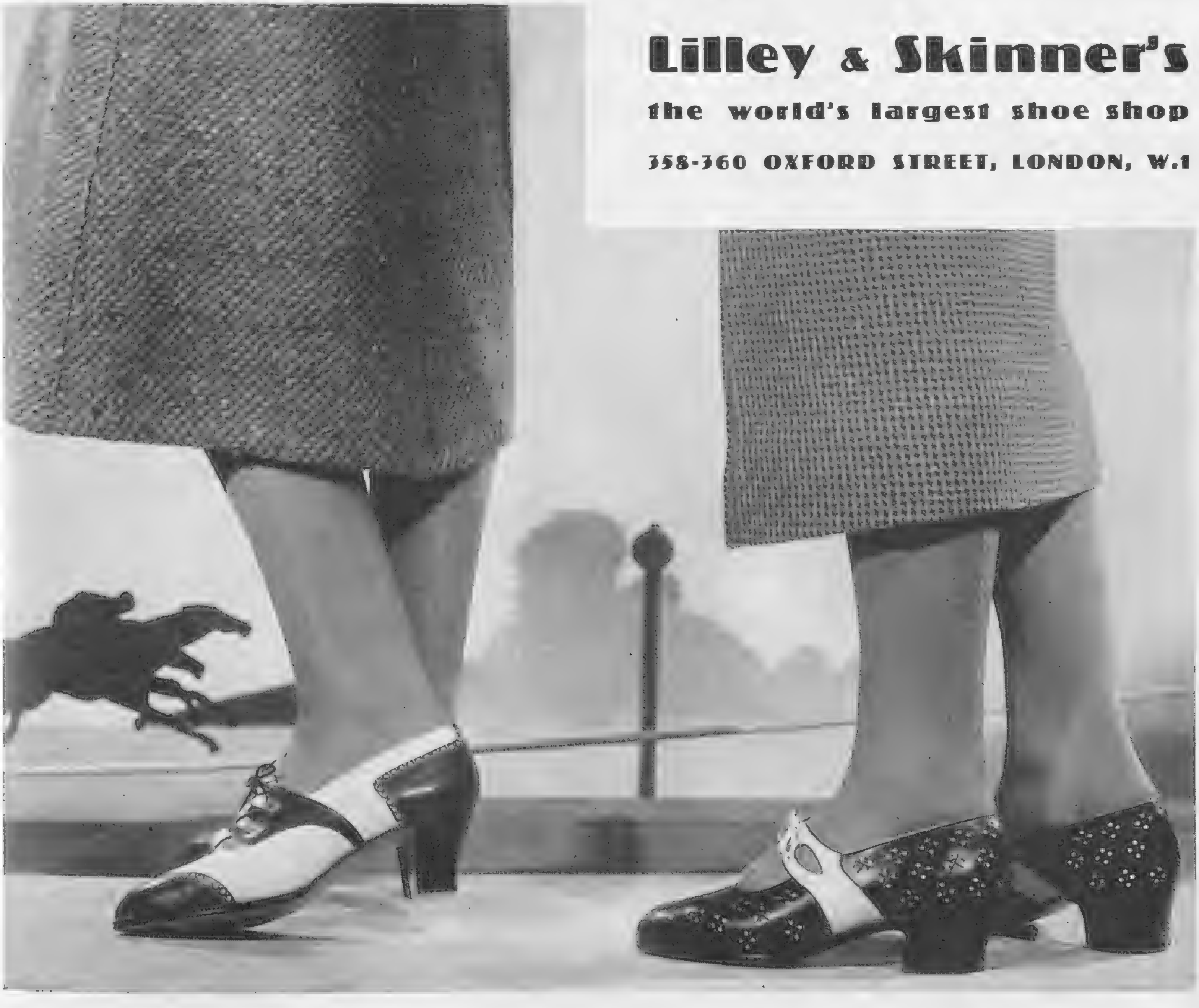

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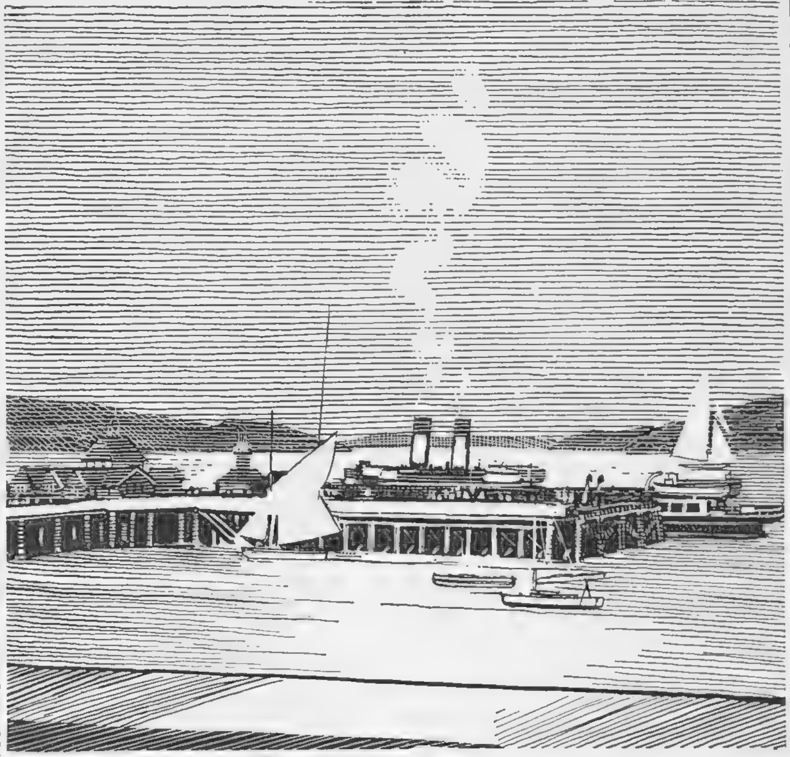

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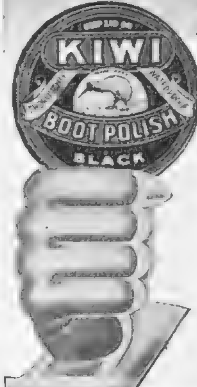

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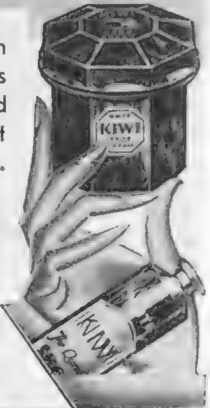

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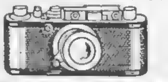

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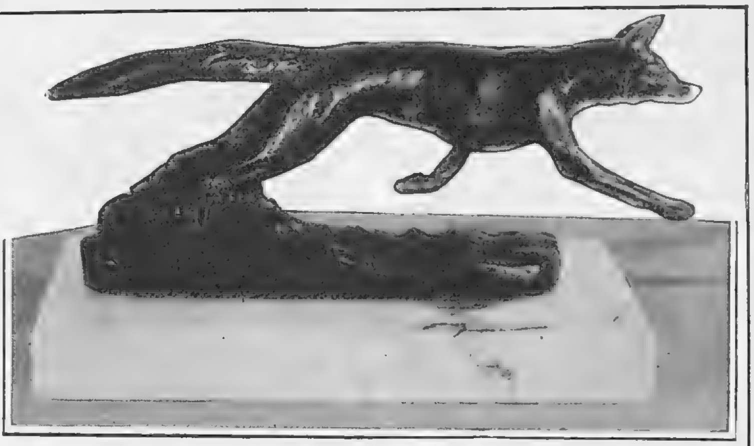

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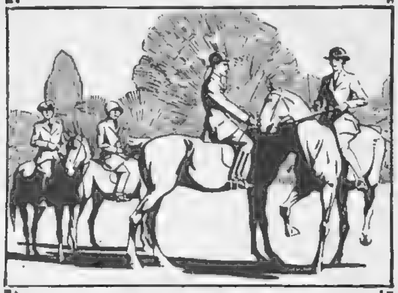

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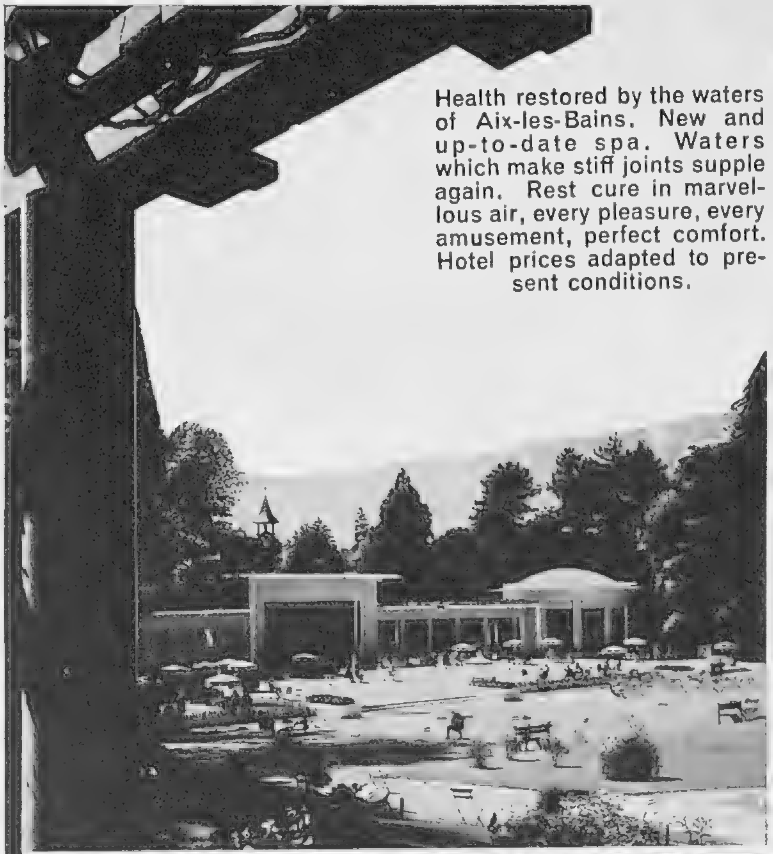

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

E. A. CHIPPERFIELD, *from New South Wales, was a surprise selection for the Australian cricket team. He is here driving off at Bramhall Park, watched by* BROWN, BARNETT, FLEETWOOD-SMITH, *and* CARTER, *a son of the old Australian wicket-keeper.*

A Cripple's Friend. Early this year the demon of rheumatism that had entered into me many years ago became more and more rampageous, until to-day I am completely possessed. So much so that I am now quite unable to swing a club in the same way twice in succession. And so I have been constrained to little besides approaching and putting. But there are compensations even in affliction, and mine have been a distinct "easing" of the three putt disease and the better acquaintance, now developed into a close friendship, with a "running iron" designed by Miss Joyce Wethered that I purchased out of one of the early sets of her autographed clubs. So much pleasure has this beautifully shafted club brought me—hickory, not steel, I hasten to state—that I called to see Miss Wethered at Fortnum's to thank her for being the means of providing a cripple with so many pleasant moments. From that to a discussion on recent happenings in golf was only natural.

The golfing style of W. BROWN, *one of the new young cricketers from Australia, is illustrated by this snapshot (l.) of him driving at Bramhall Park Course.* B. J. BARNETT, *the Australian wicketkeeper and left-hander, is a left-handed golfer as well as cricketer.*

Rhythm. In the course of it, I remarked on an aspect of the players in the American Walker Cup team. It was that this year's side was quite unlike its predecessors, by reason of the "individuality" of its members. They were not, I suggested, poured out of the same mould as heretofore. Seen swinging in the distance, it was easy to recognise Johnny Goodman from Francis Ouimet, Johnny Fischer from Chandler Egan, George Dunlap from Max Marston, and Lawson Little from Jack Westland. To my delight, I discovered that Miss Wethered had been left with the same impression, and, to my intense interest, that she had come to a further conclusion. This was, if I remember clearly, that results did not depend on the modern slogan, "a grooved swing," but to a proper poise or balance that comes from a sense of rhythm. Miss Wethered considers that without this sense good balance is impossible, and without balance no player can hope to start or continue swinging as, allowing for individuality in build, he or she should swing. Like a flash, it came to me that here was the real and clear explanation of the secret of successful golf.

"One, Two, Deliver the Cue." And as if to emphasise this came memories crowding one upon the other. The first of them takes me back years to a period when I was taking part in golf of a class to which I had no right to aspire. Accordingly, my swing had developed into a series of agonising cracks and snaps. In my distress I sought advice of Arthur Croom, who listened to my tale of woe, watched my antics with kindly concern, and then dismissed me to the Elysian Fields with the admonition: "If you know one, whistle a valse tune till you can get your swing to go with it." Off I went, and before the week was up the world was a different place, and I a different being, able to give a reasonable account of myself. My next memory was some years later, when another of "Crumbo's" patients had developed a style of putting so full of jerks that he was his own despair and a menace to his partners. "Crumbo" put him right by making him repeat five words over and over again—"One, two, deliver the cue." They acted like a charm. And though, alas! I soon forgot all about whistling a valse tune when swinging, I never forgot "One, two," etc. Again, I mind me of a relation, a good billiards player, who habitually hummed a stave to himself when playing billiards—a refrain that gave the perfect rhythm for correct and fluent cue-action. That is a third memory, sufficient, with the other two, to support Miss Wethered's view. There was once a child's book, illustrated by Sir Everett Millais, called "Little Songs For Me to Sing." Could not some musical golfer produce a companion volume for poor golfers, suitably illustrated, called "Little Tunes For Me to Hum"? It should have a ready sale.

Ladies v. Men at Stoke. Anyhow, we men must discover some sort of spell if we are to hold our own in the annual match against the Ladies at any odds, much less those of nine strokes. This year, alas! "Monty" was unable to play, but I met Mrs. de Montmorency at Wentworth during the *Daily Mirror's* Tournament for Assistant Professionals, and she told me "Monty" was definitely better. So let us hope that next year he will be in the lists once again and lead his side to success. This year the ladies won a sweeping victory by fifteen matches to five, with one match halved. The abnormal run on the ball may have had its quota in producing this result, but there is no doubt the ladies played well. For instance, in the Singles, Miss Enid Wilson was one under fours for eleven holes, which gave the unfortunate "Ham" Martin—who, in those eleven holes, had to give five strokes—no sort of a chance. And what of Eric Martin-Smith, whom Miss Kathleen Garnham beat by three and one? He went out in 34 and started home with two threes, yet at that point he was only all square! No; I think four strokes will be enough for the future.

The Assistants at Wentworth. I saw a deal of good golf in the Assistants' Tournament, and both the winner, R. L. Porter, and the runner-up, D. J. Rees, as well as several others, showed very promising form. Harry Rosebery, whom I saw there, told me he was most impressed by Porter, and I know he voiced the opinion of many good judges who saw the play. It will be interesting to see how Porter fares in the Open at Sandwich if he enters. I shall not be there, for I am just off to Germany for a "cure." I hope I shall make it, and learn something of German golf as well.

The Australian cricketers don't despise golf as a change from cricket. EBELING, *the bowler,* DARLING, *the dashing left-hand bat and useful change bowler, and* WALL, *who is not quite a Larwood, but very fast all the same, are seen (from left to right) at Bramhall Park Golf Course, Cheshire.*

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"YES, but who wants to?" The Broker was asking. "Wrong time of year. The outdoor theatre is all right, of course, but indoors—this weather?"

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"Why Friday?"

"That's the easiest night to get tickets for, at most theatres. Maybe the starting of the Sabbath on Friday evening may affect the attendances."

The City Editor repeated his previously expressed assurance of the drawing power of a sound play or a lively musical piece.

"Depends upon what you call a 'sound' play. I find my own opinion is often quite the opposite from that which the dramatic critics write."

Fred May takes tips from PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE this week. Mr. Max Karo is a partner in Baily, Mercer, Karo, and Co.

"Funny, but I've noticed that myself," agreed The Engineer, "and it's the same with films."

"Books, too," nodded The Merchant. "I've frequently bought a novel on the strength of some review in a paper, and been horribly disappointed with the story."

"Which only goes to prove what shockingly bad taste we must have, in this Compartment, for plays and pictures and books."

"I believe you'd find we are not the only members of the public who fail to agree with the cognoscenti——"

"What market are they in?" enquired The Jobber.

"Two or three markets above the alumni. So now you know, O pupil!"

"The only markets you need touch are those for gold shares."

Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, K.B.E., C.V.O., is a partner in the firm of J. and A. Scrimgeour.

"I don't quite see that," protested The Broker. "In some cases Industrials have come down, it's true, but most of them hold their prices exceedingly well."

"That's because investors know they are safe with shares in the tobacco companies, and Lyons, Harrods, and Barkers; Courtaulds and Dunlops——"

"You're very hackneyed," The City Editor criticised. "Prosaic to the point of prosiness."

"Really? Let us hear something startlingly original, stirringly novel, strikingly hopeful, from your own stores of wisdom. Come on. We're all attention."

"You may stand at ease," was the calm reply. "Unless you'd prefer, of course, to order arms."

"I'd rather order a whisky-and-soda"—he tried to loosen his collar. "Glad I deal in mines, and don't work in them."

"What mines are you dealing in mostly?" enquired The Engineer.

"Oh, that's the sort of thing you want to ask a broker. I job only in Kaffirs."

"But which of them are the most run after?"

The Broker begged their pardon for saying that this suggested Yellow Dog Dingo, when he was so much run after in Australia.

Lt.-Col. C. D. Burnell, D.S.O., is a partner in the firm of Wise and Burnell.

"Wasn't it Old Man Kangaroo?"

"Oh, yes, so it was," replied The Broker, with politest sarcasm. "By Soldiers Three, you know."

"Australian mines certainly seem to be very much run after," The Engineer observed. "Nearly all our pet properties in that continent have risen pretty usefully. Wilunas, Lake View and Star, Great Boulders——"

"Who's being unoriginal now? All but aboriginal, I call it."

"Then you're wrong, seeing that Wiluna is only a few years old. You can put away the shares for your grandchildren."

"Thanks. Posterity has never done very much for me."

"Your grandchildren keep you young. They help you to retain your mental equilibrium——"

"At the expense of my bank balance."

"Now you're playing with words. Bad habit of yours. Which of the West Africans do you like?"

"Omnes."

"Never heard of them. Have they got the banket reef?"

"I said Omnes; not Obuom. There's a difference, you know."

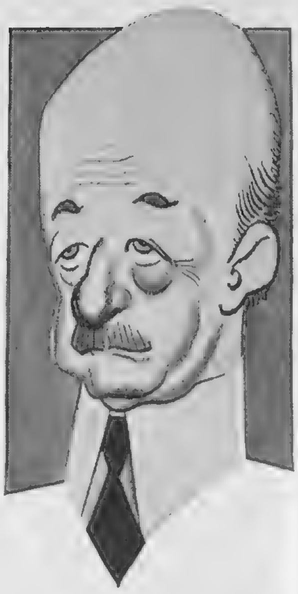
"I do. Once upon a time a titled client let me down rather badly. He had been speculating, and couldn't pay his losses. Case of his having a distinction without a difference. See?"

"What has that to do with Obuom?"

"Oh, nothing. Only that the price will probably go higher: my client rose to the House of Lords on the death of his father."

"They are talking Obuom to twenty shillings in the market."

"If everything came off that is talked of in your markets," said The City Editor, "the Stock Exchange would require a higher roof than it now possesses. But those Kleinfontein of yours——!"



Lord Hardinge is a partner in Kitcat and Aitken.

The Broker preened his plumage like a well-satisfied pigeon. "Best tip you've had from me for months, my boy," he observed with surprising restraint.

"The shares looked a ghastly gamble when you started talking about them at five bob," recalled the City Editor. "Nobody ever dreamed of the price going anywhere near three pounds!"

"It only shows you," The Engineer considered, "that you need never give up hope of any stocks and shares. Provided, of course," he hurriedly added, "that there is any solid security behind the stuff."

"We shall see the Home Railway market rise again. So will oil shares, for a certainty."

"The worst of Home Rails is that the prices move so abruptly. Say you want to buy Berwick Second preference, and send an order on the basis of last night's price."

"Well," said The Broker, "suppose you do?"

"The odds are that your man finds other people trying to do the same thing, and that the price is a couple of points higher."

"Coincidence; common or garden coincidence," commented The Jobber.

"And if I buy the stock at two points more than I intended to pay, it's as likely as not that my purchase is at the highest mark of the day."

"And if I want to sell the stock," The Merchant put in, "my bargain will probably be at the lowest-recorded marking on that same day. Somebody has taken a rasping turn out of us."

The Broker and The Jobber looked across at one another in speechless despair. Then they shook their heads in token of the impossibility of getting people to realise what losses the running of a book entails.

The Broker regained his composure first. "Besides," said he, "you don't always pay the top price; any more than you get out at the bottom price of the day."

"I seem to," retorted The Engineer.

"A married man lives no longer than a bachelor, but it seems longer, that's all."

"I've never heard ladies say the same thing about married women and single," said The Jobber. "I wonder——"

"Better not. What do we do now in your precious mining markets?"

"Gamble, do you mean? Well, National Mining Options. There are three classes for each of the three dates. You pay your money——"

"That being the very thing I desire to avoid."

"You don't have to pay much; and there's a very decent chance of a rise in them. But it's a gamble, you must understand. So are Coronations. Option-money."

"What do you mean by option-money? I've sometimes seen it mentioned in the papers, and——"

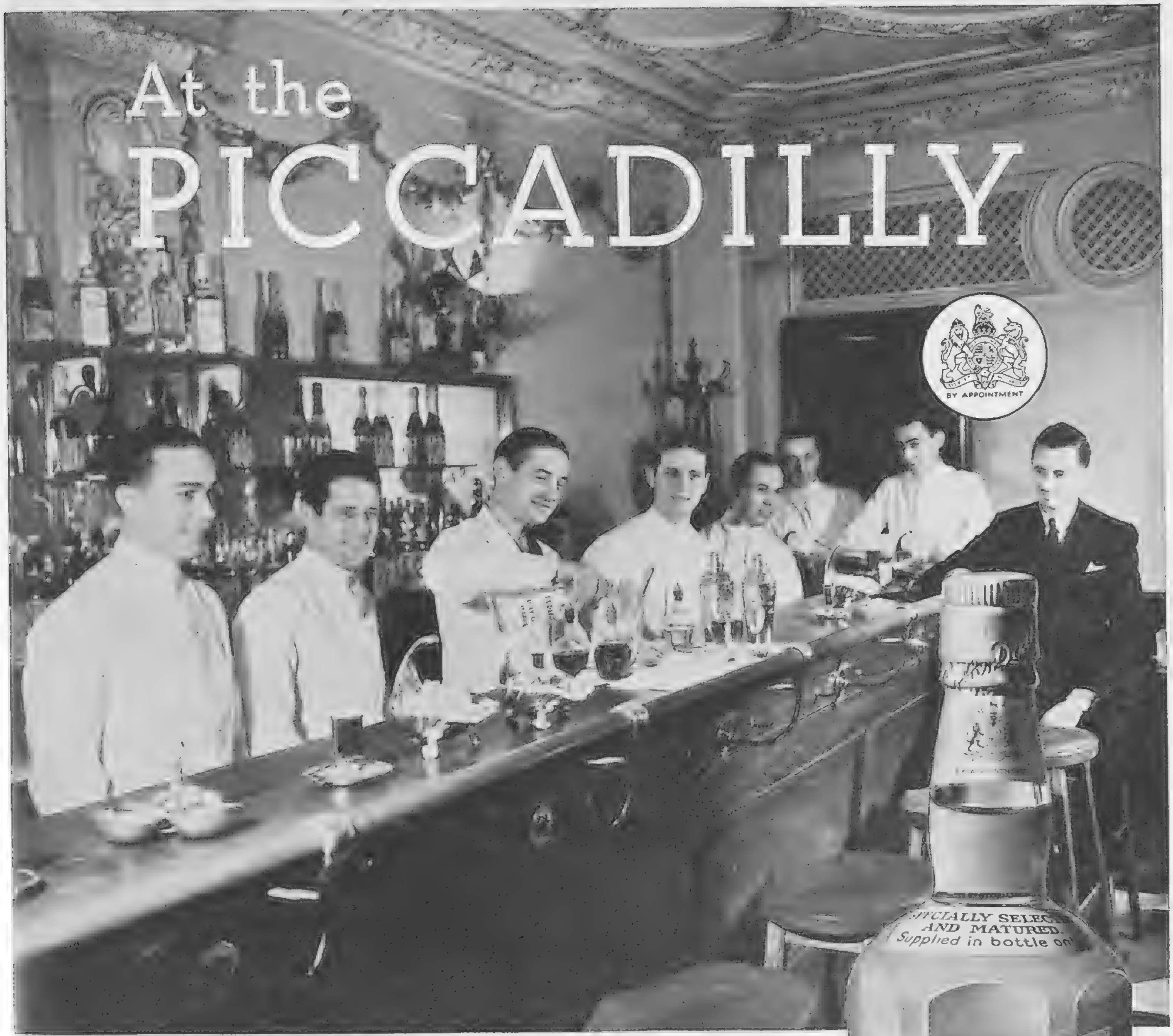
"It refers to low-priced shares where there is a chance of doubling your money, or, if nothing happens, the loss is of no great importance."

Mr. Harry Vandervell is a partner in Moy, Davies, Smith, Vandervell and Co.

"Then, if you buy them, are you given the option of losing your money or of doubling it? If not, why call it option-money?"

The Broker and The Jobber, after gulping down lumps in their respective throats, started to discuss the Two-Thirty.

Friday, June 8, 1934.



The quiet life and the gay life run happily side by side at the Piccadilly Hotel . . . all is peace and comfort in the hotel apartments, while in the restaurant and grill there is brightness and exhilaration—excellent cabaret, food and wine.

And to suit the mood, quiet or gay, Charles and his boys of the American Bar have the recipe for the perfect cocktail: they use Booth's the only matured Dry Gin.

N.B.—Charles and his boys are a great team, and work as a team, though it was a very rare occasion that found them all together behind the counter.

Real Cocktails begin with

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

Willing

MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

THE NEW BENTLEY.

LOOKING back over a week-end spent at the wheel of a 3½-litre Bentley, I find myself wondering whether it was not all a dream. There is something unreal—almost a spiritual quality—about this car. It is so absolutely different from anything that I have ever driven. Even when I have let my fancy roam, picturing the ideal, I have never imagined such a car as this. It moves in uncanny silence, gliding as though it were magically suspended in the ether, making no material contact with Mother Earth. The controls operate so smoothly and with such little effort that one seems to drive with the mind rather than with the body.

A most up-to-date BENTLEY SPORTS SALOON by THRUPP AND MABERLY is posed in front of a picturesque background. A sports car with such outstanding and "silent" performance deserves this ultra-smart body.

If I say that the new Bentley is the most perfect car I have ever driven, I am voicing the opinion of most of those who have tried it. If a man cannot appreciate its silence, its mechanical excellence, its wonderful performance, then he is not capable of enjoying the finer things in life. Indeed, there is only one car in the world which equals the 3½-litre Bentley in silence and smoothness at speed, and that is the 40-50-h.p. Rolls-Royce.

The car under review does not lack critics. Jealousy is a terrible thing, and those who cannot aspire to Bentley standard of excellence are only too ready, alas! to speak slightingly of a machine that is almost above criticism. I have heard it said that its appearance is not impressive. Does a man of taste turn down a perfectly tailored suit of clothes because it is not "impressive"? The Bentley is essentially unostentatious. It is no use whatever to the man or woman who wishes to "swank." The car is in itself so well bred that it actually influences those who drive it. It is impossible to drive it badly or to behave in an ungentlemanly manner while at the wheel.

When I took over the car—a lovely silver tourer—I slipped into the driving seat as if it had been designed especially for me. I felt instantly at home, as comfortable as in my own fireside chair. The steering-wheel, the pedals, the brake and gear levers came exactly where I expected to find them.

The gear-box, which has synchromesh easy change for third and top, is so beautifully made that in traffic it is difficult to determine whether one is in second or "top." It is impossible to make a noisy change, and the gear-lever moves with the ease of a knife going through a soft pat of butter. The steering is light, precise, and has a slight self-centring action. At speed, the car holds dead to its course without conscious effort on the part of the driver.

[Continued overleaf.

It is said that money can buy anything. In the car world it can buy superlative performance or sheer luxury, or a combination of the two. In this latter class is the 3½ litre Bentley.—*Autocar, March 30th 1934*

BENTLEY MOTORS (1931) LTD · 16 CONDUIT STREET LONDON · W·1 · TELEPHONE MAYFAIR 4412 ·

She said to me—what about a mixed double..!

I said to her—I never mix doubles,
I always stick to Johnnie Walker..!

BORN 1820... STILL GOING STRONG..!

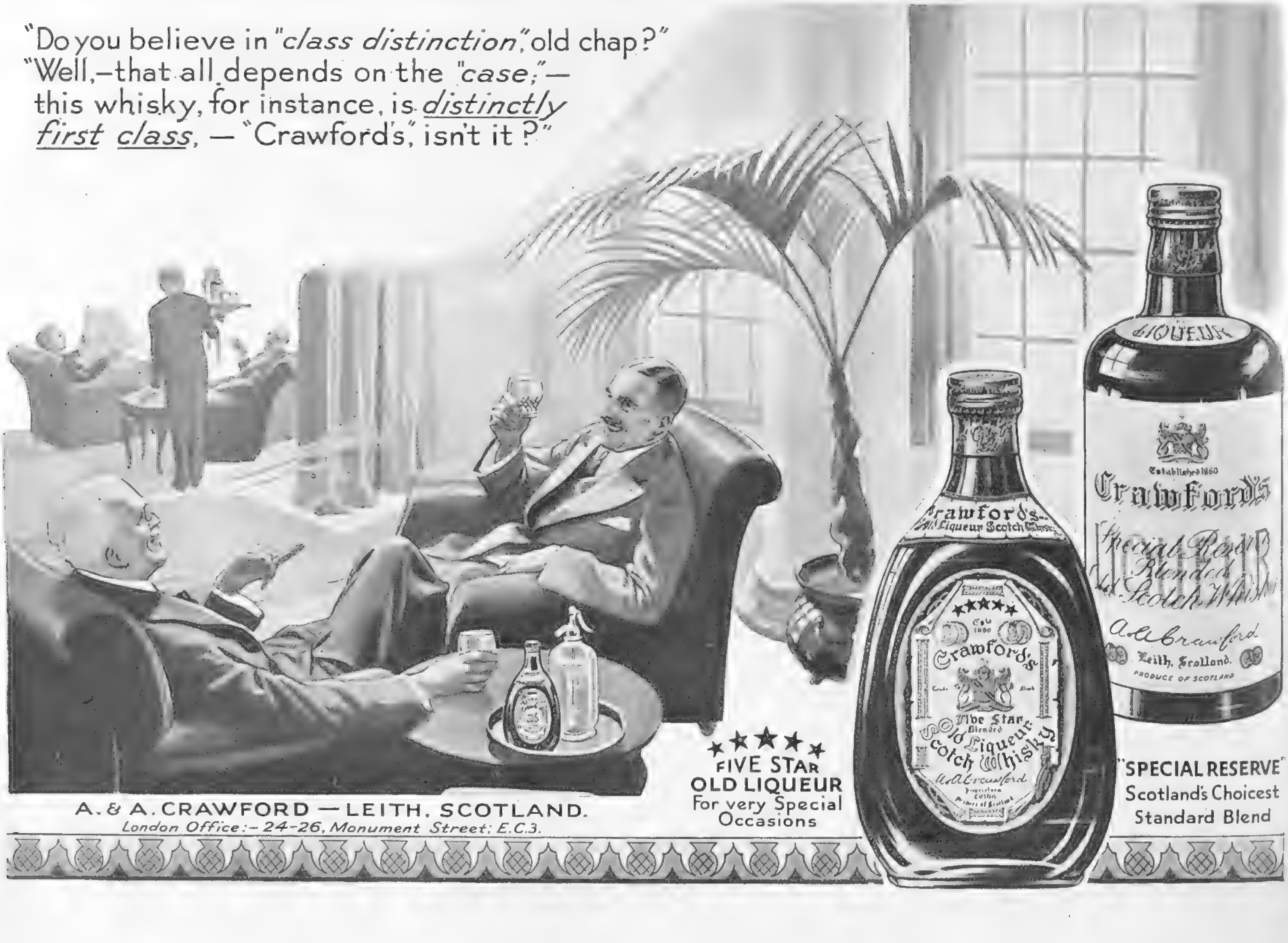
Continued.]

To my mind, the springing is the most remarkable feature of this wonderful machine. Whether crawling in traffic or speeding at 95 m.p.h., it gives soft, cushioned riding. Yet there is no sign of rolling on corners, and none of the unsteady feeling one is apt to associate with very flexible springs, while hump-backed bridges can be taken at speed without fear of the rear axle hitting the frame.

Road conditions did not allow me to test the car for its all-out maximum, but I had the speedometer up to 95 m.p.h. several times on long, deserted stretches. I found myself cruising comfortably, in complete silence, at between 70 and 80 m.p.h. Despite its silence and smoothness, the engine develops over 120 b.h.p., and is very definitely "all there." With the ability to reach 60 m.p.h. on second gear and 80 m.p.h. on third, the car has phenomenal powers of acceleration. It streaks up hills as if they simply do not exist. Not unnaturally, very high cross-country average speeds are possible in perfect safety. A 50 m.p.h. average, even under poor road conditions, is easy. On the Great North Road I am sure an average of over 60 m.p.h. could be maintained, without any dirty work at cross-roads or any offence against the written and unwritten rules of the road. One of the most astonishing features of the $3\frac{1}{2}$-litre Bentley is its economy of operation. Two owners whom I know get more than 20 miles to the gallon, although they drive consistently fast. During the 400 miles for which I drove the car—which had 12,000 miles to its credit—I recorded 17 m.p.g. of petrol, while the oil consumption was negligible. The tax is only £26 per annum, and will be 25 per cent. less next year. The brakes, which are applied through a servo-motor on the gear-box, are immensely powerful and, I think, the smoothest I have ever come across. They are applied with very little force and act absolutely evenly on the four wheels, with a fairly large proportion of the retardation on those at the rear.

A dramatic motoring snapshot! Safely round the corner after a thrilling piece of climbing (with an almost sheer drop on one side) on the "Passable but dangerous road" between Lake Vyrnwy and Bala in North Wales. The car is a VAUXHALL "LIGHT-SIX."

With such brakes, perfect road-holding, and cornering almost equal to that of a racing car, the $3\frac{1}{2}$-litre Bentley is a very safe car to handle in all circumstances. It is an automobile in which fast driving is always enjoyable, and never fatiguing. Even in the open model one can talk in ordinary tones when travelling really fast. There are some who say that £1380 is a high price to pay for a medium-sized car, even with the Bentley performance. I disagree. In fact, I will go further, and say that at this figure the $3\frac{1}{2}$-litre Bentley Sports Tourer represents extraordinarily good value, and is, moreover, unequalled for supreme refinement at the high speeds of which it is capable.



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"REFILL WITH WAKEFIELD CASTROL"
38 out of the 43 British Motor Car Makers say
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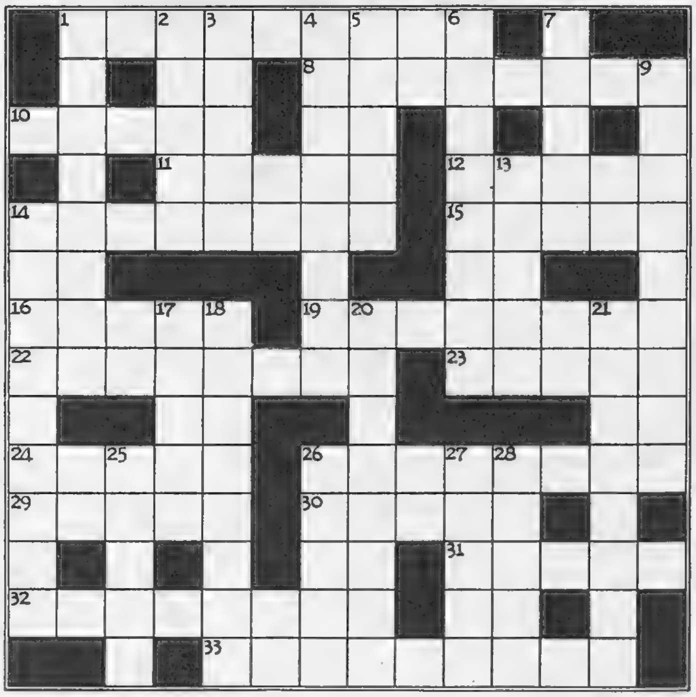
OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



Note.—Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

ACROSS.

1. Sheek if you want to find! It consheals the fare.
8. Very hungry, yes; but there's shelter farther on.
10. You can't add it to your stature, so if the cue's a bit short, make it a bit longer.
11. You may see stairs going round and round this, but it doesn't matter which way the sheep goes.
12. Spend a good time on them each summer, and yours won't run out so quickly.
14. Here's what the agitator waves, and what he does. Glaring, isn't it?
15. Once you've got your eye in, there'll be no further need to pursue the topic.
16. Loud sounds; but, if you really want a row, use the middle only.
19. The wrong way to use an oven-peel. Write and tell your baker, but mind you put a stamp on it!
22. End a life? It has ended a good many, unfortunately.
23. If you can cook a turnip you'll know what Sister Susie did for Soldiers.
24. After the revolution in Tangiers the King saw plainly that he had to do this.
26. Put in again, and you'll have something to drive off with.
29. This seems to be possessed. Yes, it must be admitted.
30. If I were Stanley, you might say, "On, Stanley, on!" Isn't it enough to make you shed tears?
31. Watch! The old poet has shrunk a bit.
32. Do well, and you'll have something towards your bread straight away.
33. You must be if you want to keep No. 31. Turn the skins first, though.

DOWN.

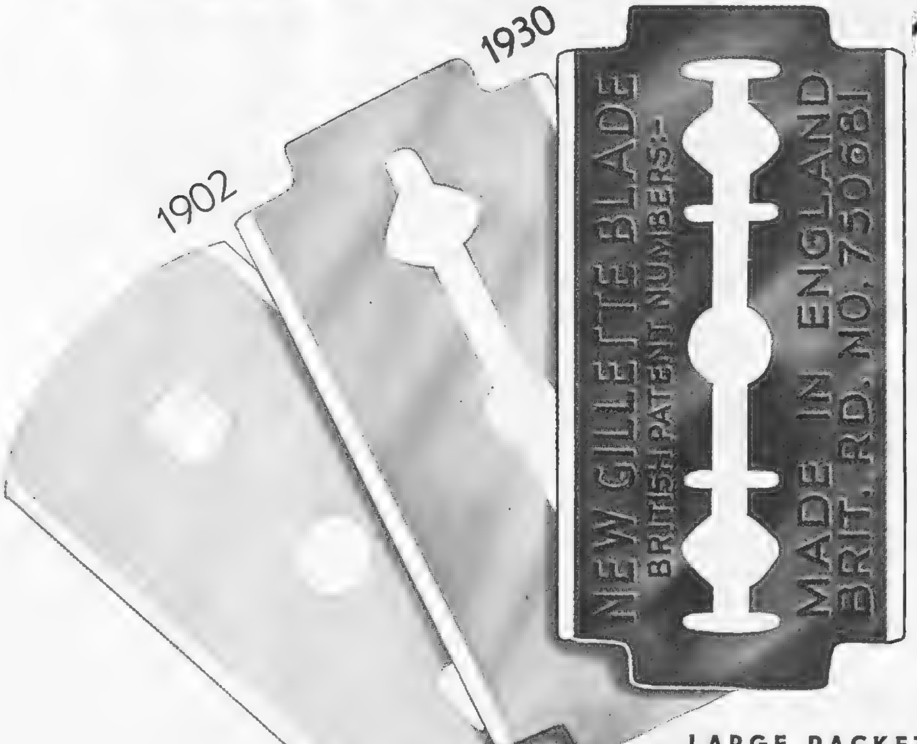
1. The money was good in its time, but only a fool would stay if the first half wasn't there.
2. Rather an old-fashioned weapon but have a go with it and you'll get a bird, if only a young one!
3. Wouldn't he be mad if you doubled him in the middle? He's no lover, anyway.
4. This has to start off before the end, so now it's decidedly peeved!
5. Up and over: down and under. Not yours, of course: only your misvortune!
6. These are supposed to be made of meat *or* fish, but they're mostly fish, as you see.
7. Push off, and see what the holy man is doing about the barbarian.
9. It follows the colour after the round. Your sins ought to bring it upon you.
13. If you *do* make a turn-over of it, 'Arriet would say she wants Father's help!
14. Safes should be, of course; if the reverse, censure must follow.
17. This is raised above the surrounding level, as the Scotsman observed when he came to the end of his meal.
18. People who live surrounded by water lose their head when such gross mis-statements are made.
20. This drug induces forgetfulness, but one pen there should induce remembrance.
21. Masculine finery in the East End. Not plates, of course.
25. This must be got in somehow, even if it's a solid chunk of metal.
26. Wake up! There's nothing in a trick like that!
27. A nabitation of sorts, though it's only one story.
28. Getting *this* bird is easy enough; in fact, if it hadn't got a tail, it would be a—well, dead easy!

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, June 18, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page xxiv) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

LEADERSHIP!



1934

Gillette maintain their leadership in Safety Razor Blades because they never stand still — always seeking, always finding, improvements and refinements that make for easier, quicker, cleaner shaves.

In order that you may instantly recognise their very latest quality of blade, Gillette are now providing blades called BLUE GILLETTES.

Blue Gillettes are made upon Gillette's newest machines, tempered, ground and honed by Gillette's newest processes; in other words, all Gillette's recent technical improvements are embodied in this superb blade. Ask for Blue Gillettes. Of all dealers.

Fit all Gillette razors—old and new styles.

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BLUE Gillettes

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BRITAIN'S . DEPENDABLE . CAR

Costumes by Geene Glenny

So she asked Rosemary why she had INVESTED IN AN AUSTIN

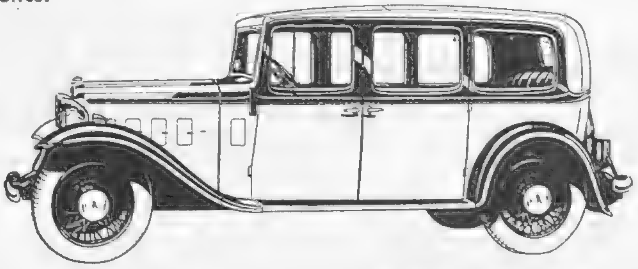
The Sixteen Carlton Saloon (*as illustrated below*). A five-seater on the 10 ft. wheelbase, cross-braced chassis. Front and rear seats adjustable. Occasional tables. 16 h.p. or 18 h.p. engine optional without extra charge. Four-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Triplex glass. Dunlop tyres standard. At works **£328.** The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

Read the Austin Magazine: 4d. every month.

And Rosemary had plenty to say . . . in fact like a saleswoman to the manner born! What other car, she had pointed out, had such a reputation for *dependability*—the one thing that every motorist demanded above all? Had she tried the new Austin gear-change—the Synchromesh—how easy it made things? If running expenses were a consideration, she had added, Austin certainly scored heavily. And what an improvement in appearance and design the latest Austins showed. 50 models to choose from! The low lines, achieved by the cross-braced drop frames (really technical she got) which did so much to banish body-rattle. The latest type springing, the larger, more efficient brakes, the *rear* seats adjustable as well as the front. Why, she finished up, good as the Austin had always been as a motoring investment, it was even better than ever with so many advancements.

YOU BUY A CAR — BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

AUSTIN



The Sixteen Carlton Saloon

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 508.)

"Falling Star." A new book by Miss Vicki Baum raises our expectations as few novels do. She may never achieve the highest artistic triumphs; but she is always vigorous, coloured, unexpected, and dramatic. We are interested by her characters and intrigued by her plots; we never know what is going to happen next, and we always want to know. Amid the thin, drab-coloured undergrowth of contemporary fiction, her talent blooms as sturdily and profusely and gaily as a prize rhododendron. One has a feeling of confidence that, though she may make mistakes, her work can never be lifeless.

Yet here is her new novel, "Falling Star"—and, alas! its chief achievement is to show us that Miss Baum's vitality can ebb. Not that it lacks all her merits. She paints in her scene—the film world of Hollywood—as vividly as she has painted her grand hotels and mountain resorts; she shows her customary power of making minor characters individual in a few sentences; certain passages—the bathing scene at Donka Morescu's, for instance—reveal her old faculty for communicating physical enjoyment. But the general effect of her book is lifeless, for the chief characters—Donka Morescu herself, a temperamental film-star, Oliver Dent, the world's handsomest lover—are not real. They do not live lives more fantastic than some of Miss Baum's other heroes and heroines—than Flaemmchen or Baron Gaigern; but somehow they are not so convincing. It is easy to see why. Oliver Dent is English; Donka Morescu is Roumanian; Hollywood, above all, is an American city. Miss Baum has for the first time left the Old World. For the first time she is writing of what she has learnt rather than what she has lived among, and in consequence her hand for the first time works tentatively and uncertainly. Oliver Dent is sometimes the self-absorbed film-actor, sometimes the ex-Oxford undergraduate and son of an English diplomat. As neither is he convincing. He is altogether too film-starrish a film-star; his irresistible charm, his flaming passions, belong

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.
"MAN OF ARAN" (Marble Arch Pavilion).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.
"SPITFIRE" (Plaza).—Faith and superstition in the Kentucky Mountains, starring Katharine Hepburn.
"EVERGREEN" (New Gallery).—Jessie Matthews as a *diveste* of two generations.
"MURDER AT THE VANITIES" (Carlton).—Clever combination of murder-mystery and stage-show.
"WINGS OVER EVEREST" (Curzon).—Chronicle of the Houston Mount Everest Flight.
"LIEBES KOMMANDO" (Academy).—A merry military comedy.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"ROMAN SCANDALS" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Eddie Cantor makes whoopee in Ancient Rome.

"HOLLYWOOD PARTY" (Empire).—A musical extravaganza.

"THE PATH OF GLORY" (Empire).—Ruritanian satire.

"WONDER BAR" (Rialto).—Al Jolson makes a welcome come-back.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"TWO HEARTS IN WALTZ TIME" (Curzon).—Carl Brisson and Frances Day searching for a waltz.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.
"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.
"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.
"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.
"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.
"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.
"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.
"THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS" (Vaudeville). 8.30.—American comedy of 150 years ago. Amusing, delightful, unusual.
"HAPPY WEEK-END" (Duke of York's). 8.15.—Lively musical play. Steve Geray and Magda Kun specially excellent.
"VINTAGE WINE" (Daly's). 8.30.—Seymour Hicks in effervescence and deception. Claire Luce as his young wife, and Julia Neilson as his mother.
"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.
"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys. Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.
"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.
"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.
"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*
"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Athene Seyler.
"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.
"COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW" (Piccadilly). 8.30.—Elmer Rice's very exciting new play. Acting on high level.

In the Bavarian Alps, a most delightful and picturesque centre for the holiday-maker, rises the noble peak of the Zugspitze, highest mountain in Germany. Here is mountaineering, swimming and rambling of the most varied description, and for those who seek health, numerous rest houses where special treatments are available. The peasants and mountaineers in their curious costumes, add a colourful note. And, as everywhere else in Germany, the most hospitable of welcomes await you.

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The Tercentenary Performances take place from May to September—why not include a visit to this wonderful spectacle in your tour of Germany?

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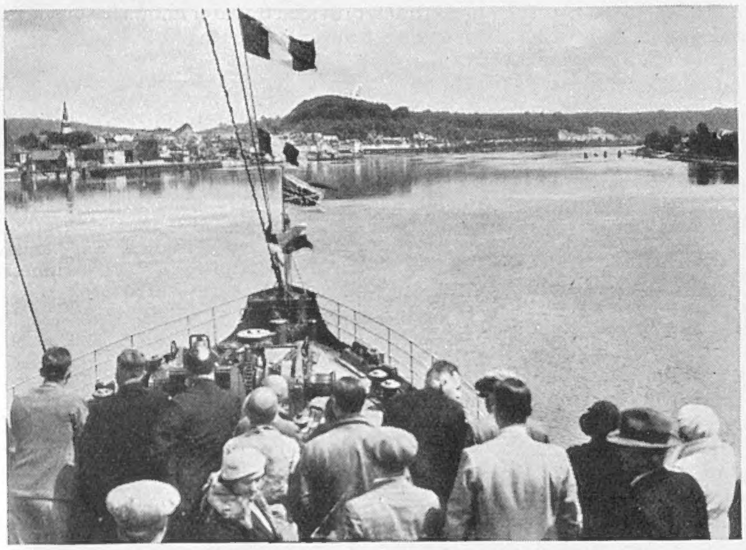
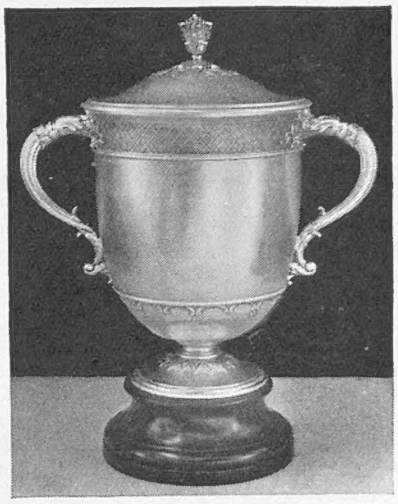
to his rôles rather than to his private life. On the other hand, he is a very queer Oxonian, without a touch of Oxford manner or mode of thought, and keeping on an inefficient and highly effeminate young man as secretary because he likes to discuss 'Varsity sports with him. Donka is a less improbable character, but she is a very conventional one, the typical prima donna, a synthetic compound of glamour, egotism, and Bohemian good nature. She has appeared in many books before, and it is to be feared will appear in many books again. So tentative, uncertain a grip on her main figures slackens the impetus of Miss Baum's imagination; it sags and wilts and fades.

"Here To-Day and Gone To-Morrow." Mr. Louis Bromfield's stories, "Here To-Day and Gone To-Morrow," are chiefly about America. He is at home in the Middle- and Mae-Western hemisphere; his stories are stirring, eventful, jazzed-up affairs, involving suicides and shootings and orgies and financial crashes; and they are all vigorous, well told, and purposeful. Mr. Bromfield never leaves us wavering or becalmed; from the first word to the last, events are on the move. His stories would be good to read in the train, and they might be written in the train. But they are marred by one fault. They are generally concerned with worthless and unattractive people; with the shallow, selfish, sentimental riff-raff who, if novelists are to be believed, are the typical inhabitants of liners, night-clubs, and luxury hotels. Nor does he write of them in a censorious or satirical spirit. Mr. Bromfield, one cannot help feeling, is too kind to the section of humanity of which he writes.



The placid waters of the lovely estuary of the Seine, seen from the deck of S.S. "St. Briac," during one of the "Midget Tours" organised by the Southern Railway Company. An inclusive cost of £3 enables one to go from London to Rouen, joining the S.S. "St. Briac" at Southampton. These luxury tours last from Friday to Monday, and include first-class accommodation throughout, with dancing, bathing, and opportunities to call at Trouville or Deauville en route.



Sir Walter Lawrence has at Hyde Hall, his estate in Hertfordshire, one of the comparatively few private cricket grounds in the country. He is offering the Lawrence Trophy, together with a hundred-guinea order on Harrods Stores, to the maker of the quickest century in first-class cricket. This magnificent cup, by Garrard, will be held for a year.

One never tires—at least, I never do—of reading about quests for lost or hidden treasure. Mr. Stratford Jolly, when he followed the "treasure trail" into Central Bolivia, hoped to find booty to the value of twelve million pounds, left by the Jesuits a century and a-half ago, and believed to lie under a certain "egg-shaped stone." The clue to its whereabouts had been handed down in writing; and though earlier seekers had delved in vain under the egg-shaped stone, and even split it to bits, Mr. Sanders and his companions were not to be deterred. They set up a camp; they bored and blasted with a will; and though they did not, alas! find the treasure, they found old workings and even relics that hinted at its presence. Finally floods came, and rendered further search impossible. Mr. Jolly's adventures, though they ended in comparative failure, make a stirring and fascinating book.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Another Man's Wife. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (*Heinemann; 7s. 6d.*)
Falling Star. By Vicki Baum. (*Geoffrey Bles; 7s. 6d.*)
Here To-Day and Gone To-Morrow. By Louis Bromfield. (*Cassell; 7s. 6d.*)
The Treasure Trail. By Stratford D. Jolly. (*John Long; 18s.*)

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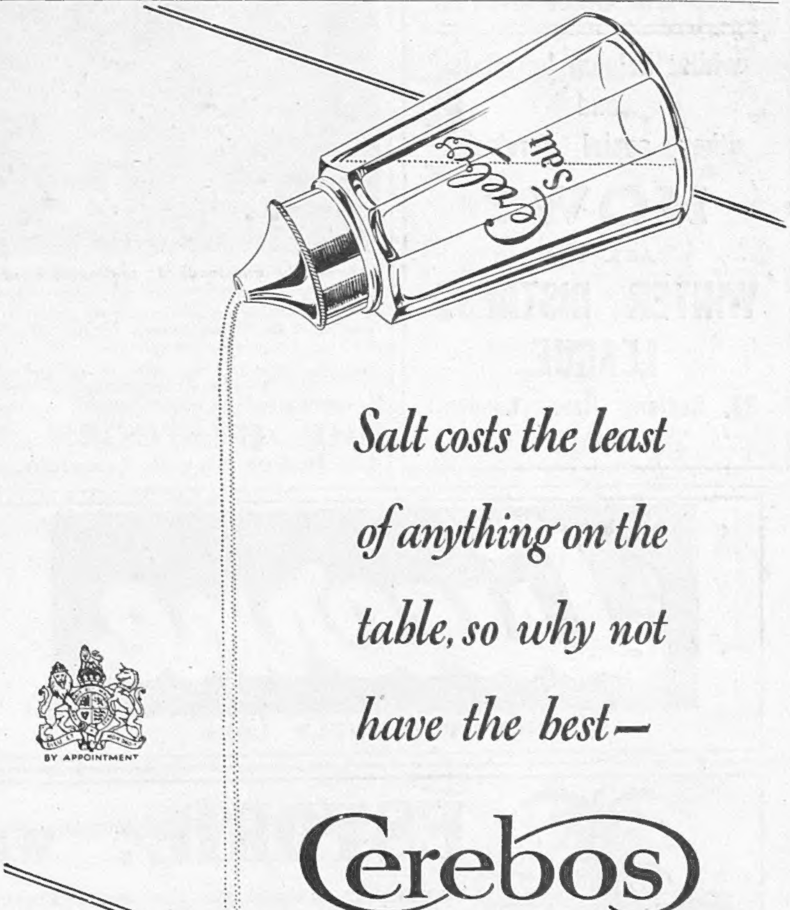

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(See Page xx.) 13/6/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE : DLVIII

THAT DOUBLETON LEAD.

BY strange coincidence, no sooner had I finished last week's notes—in which I tried to put the doubleton lead on the map, and to show how, of the bad or indifferent leads, the doubleton is, as often as not, the best opening—than I received a copy of "The Play of the Cards." This book is by Frank England and Hope Reford, two authorities on bridge affairs who must be listened to and paid attention to. It was therefore one up against me to read that the considered opinion of these authors is that the doubleton is definitely a bad lead—meaning that it should never be made—and, further, that the only exception is the lead of an ace doubleton, a lead which I, personally, put down as the worst possible opening lead! Well, despite my admiration for Frank England and Hope Reford, on this subject I am afraid we must agree to differ! I should like them to tell me, though, on what kind of hand the lead of ace from ace, x is sound, theoretically or practically; and what should be led from Spades—6, 5; Hearts—K, 10, 8, 2; Diamonds—A, 10, 6, 2; and Clubs—K, Kn, 7, if any suit bar spades is trump. This is a hand given in "The Play of the Cards" where the doubleton spade should be led if that suit *is* trump: I ask, what should be led if spades are *not* trumps?

It is noticeable that our authors in this revised edition (Thomas De la Rue; 5s.) do a bit of hedging (shading, I believe, is the up-to-date American term) about the lead of fourth best of a suit against no-trump play. The hedging is so noticeable that it is clear that they no longer believe in this lead, but until their next edition they are unwilling to come out into the open and say: "This is a bad lead, and we have been mistaken, or taken in by it, for years." Their method of easing the blow to their readers (and probably to themselves as well) is peculiar. Listen: "The lead of fourth best has lost most of its value since the days of caution. . . . We are of opinion that this practice should not be an invariable one at contract, but should be resorted to only in special cases." Now, what are we to make of that? The play of the cards—possibly with the exception of the play against a slam contract—is identical at auction and at contract; yet according to this logic it would seem that, if you label the game auction, one practise should be resorted to, but if you label the identical situation contract, you must practise some other strategy! That is absurd; or, if it isn't, I think we should be told by what method we can pick up more or less defensive tricks at contract than at auction—or *vice versa*!

But enough of all this. I have had my grouse, so now let me add that, apart from this little lapse from common sense, "The Play of the Cards" is an excellent book and an instructive one. There is plenty to learn from the fifty problem situations given at the end of the book, but I still miss a few words on what is best to lead against a slam bid!

Here is another coincidence. Immediately after saying that, in my opinion, if there is a worst lead, the ace doubleton is that lead, I played a rubber at the club, and my partner opened the bidding with the senseless call of three spades. Not knowing what to do—as, indeed, I never do know when my partner starts with a high and less than game bid—I made a shot at four spades. Here are the hands—

Spades—10, 9, 8. Clubs—10, 9, 8.
Hearts—K, Q, 3, 2. Diamonds—Kn, 9, 5.
B (dummy)

Spades—Q, 3, 2.
Hearts—Kn, 8, 5, 4. Y
Clubs—A, 3.
Diamonds—Q, 8, 7, 6.

Spades—4.
Z Hearts—10, 9, 7, 6.
Clubs—Q, Kn, 7, 6, 5.
Diamonds—K, 10, 2.

A (player)
Spades—A, K, Kn, 7, 6, 5. Clubs—K, 4, 2.
Hearts—A. Diamonds—A, 4, 3.

Y led the ace, and then the three of clubs! This lead lost the game! I grant it took good play to win it, and so my partner made up for his bad initial bid by good play, this is a feature of contract, provided declarer knows his business. How would you play the hand?

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, JUNE 6.

Across.—5. Thesis. 9. Perpetual. 11. Donation. 14. Dividends. 16. Timid. 17. Payer. 18. Mortals. 21. Alack. 22. Mead. 24. Ice. 25. These. 28. Lad. 30. Using. 33. End. 34. Wept. 36. Urged. 38. Needles. 41. Mouse. 43. Donee. 46. Onerously. 47. Aridness. 48. Eelspears. 49. Pheasant.

Down.—1. Mexico. 2. Spoilt. 3. Steeple. 4. Caddy. 6. Heat. 7. Slim. 8. Send. 10. Loser. 12. Titles. 13. Oil-can. 15. Nasal. 18. Mat. 19. Rye. 20. Amend. 21. Acute. 23. Daw. 26. Horror. 27. Seeded. 29. Dense. 31. Ill. 32. Gas. 35. Peeress. 37. Loosen. 39. Daubed. 40. Enlard. 42. Unset. 43. Damp. 44. Nine. 45. Ends.

MRS. C. H. MASTERTON, Alfriston, Sanderstead Road, Sanderstead, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of May 30 to be first opened on Monday morning, June 4. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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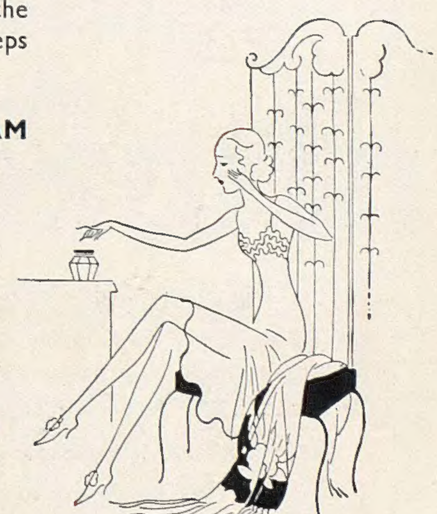

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